Spirit of the Times

FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 17.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To "*O'Kelly*" and "*D Q.*" with "*Oscar*," "*John Lewis*," and two or three more, are respectfully informed, that no communications having been received from them for a long time, it is our private opinion publicly expressed, that they must be excessively busy in rocking the cradle, or else at work at something unusually elaborate and interesting for the readers of the Spirit of the Times. *Nous verrons.*

The writer of an article published in this paper on the 9th July last, under the caption of "*A Quarter Race*," which excited so much laughter, has contrived to preserve his incognito, or we should send him "something handsome." We know a gentleman who is acquainted with him, but he was as close as wax respecting his friend's "local habitation and his name." From the same graphic and diverting pen "the smallest favors will be duly acknowledged."

Information is asked by a correspondent respecting a horse called *Somonocdrum*, bred by Mr. Smith in 1830—got by Brutandorf, out of a Traveller mare, and imported into New York in the Fall of 1836, by Mr. Simmons, of Ancaster, U. C.

Arbaces.—We should like to be informed of the pedigree of this fine colt who lately ran a second heat of three miles in 5:43, after winning the first in 5:45, at St. Francisville, La. He is the joint property, we believe, of Dr. Smith and Judge Chinn, and in his race (20th April,) carried 86lbs. only, though he lacked but ten days of being, *by rule*, four years old. The Secretary of the St. Francisville Club reports his dam to have been "Virginia, by Rosicrucian," while another Secretary reports her to have been "Multiflora, by Kosciusko" Another authority says he is "out of Multiflora's dam, by Virginian;" indeed three or four more claim the honor of having produced "the favorite of the ladies of Feliciana."

Rodolph.—A well known correspondent writes from Louisville, Ky., that Rodolph *did not* run his second heat of three miles, over the Oakland Course, near that city, in 1835 (June 5th), in 5:40, [five minutes forty seconds]. The first heat was run in 5.51, and the 2d in 5:48, [*five* m.'s, *forty-eight* sec's], our correspondent declares, who adds that 5:40 instead of 5:48, was a typographical error in the Baltimore Turf Register. If such was the fact, it must be known to most of the Kentucky turfmen, and very singular it is, that the error should not have been corrected long since If the Turf Register's report is correct, it is due to that magazine, and the noble animal whose reputation is so nearly affected by this statement, that Mr. Tarleton, the Secretary of the Oakland Association, should confirm or refute it at his earliest convenience.

Tattersall.—Mr. Stephenson's colt who run at the last Mobile meeting, bearing this name, is said to be a *cocktail*, raised in Alabama! though entered as an "imported colt, by Sultan, dam by Muley." A correspondent who is accountable for his statement, informs us that "when the entry was made, they (the Mobile papers) gave him this pedigree by way of a *joke!*" Mr. Stephenson is the proprietor or lessee of the Mobile course, and should have contradicted such a statement at once; if this is a specimen of his "*jokes*," or those of the editors at Mobile, we can only say that among *turfmen* they will not be laughed at. On referring to a report of his race, we are glad to find *the brute* was distanced the first heat.

We cannot undertake, in the present state of the times, to order English papers, Magazines, etc., for gentlemen, except their orders are accompanied with the cash, the proprietor of the Foreign Newspaper Agency in Liverpool requiring payment in advance in all cases. Mr. Edward Willmer, Church Street, Liverpool, is the principal agent, through whom newspapers, etc., are sent to this country; his commissions for the transaction of business are high, but orders addressed to him are attended to with the utmost fidelity and promptitude.

We are greatly indebted to several correspondents whose favors will be found in to-day's paper, and shall be most happy to hear from them frequently. "N." has resumed his letters with unabated spirit. "Roe Buck," an old friend with a new signature, is as happy as ever, and we promise our readers much information and pleasure from the letters of "A Canadian Turfman."

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc , and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet ship *Pennsylvania*, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 24th April, did *not* bring our usual files of papers and magazines, nor those of our contemporaries, we believe. Our agent at Liverpool wrote that he had sent us a variety of both, but none have made their appearance, and our friends are in the same pleasant "fix." We presume the newspaper bags were accidentally or carelessly left behind. Having "made a raise" of the last number of Bell's Life in London, of the 23d, (received here by a friend from a passenger,) we are enabled to make several interesting extracts.

P.S. Just as we were getting to press, we received our regular files of London and Liverpool papers, containing various articles of interest,—as we judge by a glance—but which we are compelled to reserve for our next impression. We are rejoiced to see that times are brightening, and that the storm is breaking away which has been so long impending over us. Cotton is looking up in Liverpool, and some large sales have been effected. If England can stand the shock, and "hold on" but a few months, we can right the ship, and yet reach the port in safety. We take it—the fat is not all out of your soil quite yet.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

The 2000 Guineas Stakes (Tuesday next, 25th April).—Several six to fours have been about Achmet for this race, some even bets made between him and Lord Exeter's lot, and six to four laid on him against Dardanelles. The race appears to rest between Lords Jersey and Exeter. Our correspondent from Newmarket is of opinion that Dardanelles and Troilus will run; nothing, certain, however, is known on the subject, so that, after all, it may be Dardanelles and Adrian.

Portland Handicap (Wednesday).—Elis's friends mustered in such force on Monday, that he sprung a point and a half on the last Newmarket prices. Venison was also in great request, and on Thursday had so many supporters that he left off at 4 to 1, takers, with every prospect of becoming first favorite, Elis's party having shown less eagerness than at the commencement of the week. Hock is a shade behind Venison, but is not wanting in backers; the last offers were to bet 4 or take 5 to 1. Locomotive and Gipsy have been backed at 7 and 8 to 1, without rising.

Derby.—In Monday's transactions Jereed had the call of Mango, not that there was much money laid out upon either. Achmet was obviously in better odour than might have been expected from the nature of the Newmarket running and betting. There were plenty of inquiries after Dardanelles and Hybiscus, and several bets made at 14 to 1 against the first, 15 to 1 against the other, and at 13 to 2 against them jointly. Caravan and Wintonian were in favor at something under last week's quotations, and several small sums were laid out on Bequest and Slight at 35 to 1 each. A new outsider made his debut in Mr. Sadler's Delusion, which, under the name of The Hermit, ran a bad second to Benedict at Ascot, obtained a similar place with Sister to Waresti at Salisbury, and won a stake at Epsom October meeting, beating two or three bad horses. He was backed in one quarter to win about £15,000 at odds, averaging 1000 to 10, the last bet taken being 2000 to 30. On Thursday there were two or three important fluctuations. Jereed rose to 6 to 1, or takers of 13 to 2; but it did not appear to us that he had many real friends present. Achmet took Mango's place, the odds having been offered too eagerly against the latter to encourage any one to back him. Lord Exeter's two were still on the rise; so were Caravan and Wintonian; but Benedict, who gave way on Monday, dropt another point, and is now absolutely without a friend. Sambo was backed at 30 to 1, and only 25 to 1 offered at the close of the day. 30 to 1 was also taken two or three times over about Defender, and four or five thousand pounds added to the amount to be won by Delusion, should he astonish the world by upsetting all last year's running. Rat Trap, Troilus, Mickle Fell, and Mahometan are in very little demand at present.

The Oaks.—Velure at 4, or takers of 5 to 1, and Vacuna at 6 to 1, but not a bet made.

Bell's Life in London, April 23.

Match Against Time.—An Oxonian rode from Oxford to London and back against time, on Wednesday, for a considerable wager, and almost without preparation. The undertaking was to go the distance (108 miles) in six hours and ten minutes, without limitation as to the number of horses, and it was performed in five hours and fifty minutes, apparently without fatigue to man or horse.

MOVEMENTS AT NEWMARKET.

Newmarket, (Friday night, April 21).—In the course of the week a good deal of rain has fallen, and the course is now in excellent galloping order, not a little to the advantage of some queer legged animals, that might be named if "convenient." Mustee and Chapeau d'Espagne arrived here on Monday by caravan, cantered directly after, and sweated yesterday. Jereed sweated on Tuesday, and is in good work, but I do not think he will shew for the 2000 Guineas Stakes. Achmet sweated on Wednesday, and Dardanelles, Hybiscus, Troilus, and Velure yesterday; all are well. Elis underwent the same ceremony on Wednesday, and left off without being troubled by his "corns." Birdlime cantered yesterday; she has been amiss, and, should she run, cannot have any chance of winning. It is thought here that Dardanelles, Troilus, the Bequest colt, Achmet, Glider, and Mustee will run for the 2000, the result of which will govern the start for the Newmarket Stake on Friday. The stake on Tuesday between Voluptuary, Velure, and Chapeau d'Espagne will most likely settle the 1000 guineas, for which these three, Armenia, and the Filagree filly are all that are in preparation. Every horse (14) engaged for the Portland Handicap is here, but it is doubtful whether above nine or ten will go to the post; the whole lot in the Handicap, same day, are also in work.

THE DAWLEY WALL FARM STUD.

Under this name, an extensive and judiciously assorted breeding establishment has been formed by Mr. Tattersall. The brood mares will be found to combine a variety of the choicest blood in the kingdom, and with such stallions as Glaucus and Recovery, cannot fail to produce first-rate stock. *Glaucus*, to the regret of all who value the English race horse, *goes to America* after the present season; his stock, therefore, will be very desirable. His performances, and those of *Recovery*, are too well known and appreciated to require comment. We understand that a price is put on every mare and foal, and that every facility is afforded for inspecting the stud at Dawley. The following list of the stallions, maree, &c., will be useful to those who are anxious ta pick up a "bit of blood" of the most approved kind:—

STALLIONS.

Glaucus, by Partisan, out of Nanine, by Selim, &c.; is a beautiful bay, stands 15 hands 3 inches, and covers at 20 guineas.

Recovery, by Emilius, out of Camarine's dam, by Rubens, out of Tippitywichet, by Waxy; is a beautiful chesnut, with great muscle, and remarkably fine action. is 15 hands and a half, and covers at 10 guineas for thorough-bred, and 6 sovs. for half-bred mares. His stock are uncommonly promising.

The Barb, presented to Messrs. Tattersall by his Majesty, covers at 2 guineas, and is likely to get good hunters and roadsters.

BROOD MARES.

Albertazzi, late *Fuga*, (foaled in 1829,) by Partisan, out of Bravura, by Outcry, her dam Prodigious; covered by Recovery; (untried.)

Chrystal, (foaled in 1830.) by Chateau Margaux, dam by Comus—Anticipation, by Beningborough—Expectation, by Herod, &c.; in foal to Priam (mare untried), now with Plenipotentiary; (both untried.)

Concealment, (foaled in 1833,) by Royal Oak, out of Leeway by Aladdin, out of Johanna Southcote, by Beningborough; bay colt foal by Glencoe (both untried), and will be covered by Glaucus; (both untried.)

Crotchet, (foaled in 1832,) by Roller, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules,) by Wanderer—Alexander—Sir Peter, &c.; in foal to Belshazzar, (by Blacklock, out of Manuella, &c.,) (mare untried,) and will be covered by Glaucus; (both untried.)

Cuirass, (foaled in 1823,) by Oiseau, (the dam of Elk, Eel, Elm, Emu, &c.,) out of Castanea, by Gohanna, (the dam of Canteen, Cant, &c.); now with Plenipo; (both horses untried.)

Filho da Puta Mare, (foaled in 1826,) out of Mervinia, by Walton, her dam Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate, out of Cerberus's dam, by Herod, &c.; in foal to Saracen, by Selim, the sire of Alumnus (mare untried), and will be covered by Glaucus; (both untried.)

Gohanna Mare (the dam of Louise, Frederica, Ambrosio, &c.,) with a filly foal by Glencoe, (horse untried,) and covered by Glaucus; (horse untried.)

Grisi, (foaled in 1833,) by Emilius, out of Bravura, (the dam of Kate Kearney); in foal to Glaucus, (both untried,) and will be covered by him again; (both untried.)

Hecuba, (foaled in 1834,) by Priam, dam by Woful, out of Allegretta; covered by Glaucus; (both untried.)

Mandoline, by Waxy, out of Penny Trumpet, by Trumpator—Young Camilla, by Woodpecker; with a chesnut filly foal by Glencoe, (horse untried,) and will be covered by him again.

Pasta, (foaled in 1823,) sister to Langar, by Selim, dam by Walton, out of Sorcerer's dam, by Diomed; covered by Recovery.

Pledge, (foaled in 1826,) the dam of Partridge, &c., by Filho da Puta, out of Deposit's dam, by Comus, out of Sister to Zodiac, by St. George—Abigail, by Woodpecker; with a colt by Equator, (horse untried,) and covered by Glaucus; (horse untried.)

Primrose, (foaled in 1821,) by Comus, out of Cowslip, by Cockfighter, her dam Brown Javelin, by Javelin, out of Young Maiden, &c.; with a chesnut filly foal by Recovery, and will be covered by him again.

Rosalie, (foaled in 1831,) by Whalebone, out of Electress; covered by Glaucus; (both untried.)

Rubigo, (foaled in 1826,) by Rubens, out of Calendulæ, by Camerton, (the dam of Burgundy, Jewess, &c.;) in foal to Fungus or Saracen, and will be covered by Bay Middleton; (horse untried.)

Squib, (foaled in 1820,) by Soothsayer, out of Berenice, (the dam of Gaudy, Eve, Little Boy Blue, &c.,) by Alexander; with a colt foal by Nonsense, (horse untried,) and covered by Glaucus; (horse untried.)

The Nun, (foaled in 1825,) the dam of Miss Golborne, by Blacklock, dam by Whisker—Orville—Otterington's dam, &c.; in foal to Recovery, (horse untried,) and will be covered by Glaucus; (horse untried.)

Victorine, by Haphazard, out of Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate; in foal to Glencoe or Glaucus, (horse untried,) and will be covered again by Glaucus.

Volatile, (foaled in 1831,) sister to Voltaire, by Blacklock, dam by Phantom, &c.; now with Plenipotentiary; (both untried.)

Wishful, by Walton, dam by Beningborough, out of Blacklock's dam; in foal to Glencoe, (horse untried,) and will be covered by Glaucus; (horse untried.)

COLT FOALS OF 1836.—NO ENGAGEMENTS.

A chesnut colt by Logic, out of Cuirass, (the dam of Elk, Eel, Emu, &c.,) by Oiseau, out of Castanea, the dam of Cant, &c.; (horse untried.)

A bay colt by Logic, out of Wishful, by Walton, dam by Beningborough, out of Blacklock's dam; (horse untried.)

Bell's Life in London.

Trotting Challenge.—A gentleman has a gelding, 14 hands 3 inches high, which he will trot one mile, either on the turf or road, against any horse, mare, or gelding in England under 15 hands, for from 50 to 100 sovs.; height for inches. The offer will remain open for a month.

Trotting Challenge Accepted.—Samuel Clark, of Henley-upon-Thames, is ready to match his *Volunteer* to trot *Jim Crow*, for 100 sovs., two miles, each horse to carry 12 st. To come off within a month after the expiration of the travelling season. A deposit of £20 will be ready if Jim Crow will "turn about, and wheel about, and do just so." Mr. C. begs to say that he will abide by his first challenge, namely, each horse to carry 12 st.

A pike, weighing 29½ lbs. was captured in Bassenthwaite Lake on Friday week, by Mr. Thomas Bell, of Thornthwaite. It was remarkably well grown, and is the largest fish of the kind caught in that lake for many years past.

The Marquis of Waterford will leave England in June for the coast of Africa, in a splendid new yacht, to be called the Gem, now building at Cowes. His Lordship has purchased several couples of blood-hounds, bull-dogs, &c., for lion-hunting on his African manor, near Tunis, where he has a regular sporting establishment.

Bell's Life.

Taglioni was to perform for the last time in France, during the present season, at the private theatre attached to the palace at Versailles, on the occasion of a grand fete to be given by Louis Philippe, on the 26th; and on the 1st of May she intends to depart for England, accompanied by several members of her family, all of whom are engaged by the lessee of Drury-lane. She is expected to dance at Drury-lane theatre on the 5th or 6th of May.

Madame Vestris.—Mr. Anderson, brother-in-law to Madame Vestris, has published a letter in answer to that lady's address, in which he says:—"Without any debts of my own, I am compelled to suffer the disgrace of bankruptcies for liabilities incurred by becoming the drawer of bills for the use of Madame Vestris and Lord Edward Thynne, from which I never derived one shilling advantage, but owing to which I am many hundred pounds out of pocket. I stepped forward as the brother-in-law of Madame Vestris, at her own earnest solicitations, to raise money on bills of exchange, which I could not negociate unless I put my name to, to meet her private expenses, to open her theatre, and frequently pay its salaries; and, therefore, without at all entering here upon her "personal extravagances," or "failures of the Olympic," it will be a duty I owe to others, as well as myself, to detail before the Commissioners the whole transaction on oath, supported by the evidence of those by whose agency I have so long served her and ruined myself."

Liston, the comedian, has been seriously indisposed, and is not even now able to leave his room, although the epidemic with which he was visited has to a certain extent subsided.

Foreign Items from the Evening Star's Correspondence.

Macready announces his benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, for the first of May. A new historical tragedy, the *Earl of Strafford*, will be then produced, with the principal characters by Macready, Vandenhoff, Dale, G. Bennett, Miss Vincent, and Miss H. Faucit. This play is said to be written by a Mr. Browning, author of a dramatic poem called Paracelsus.

Madame Vestris, in the Gazette of Friday as a bankrupt! She announced this in a letter in the London papers of the previous day, stating that she had got involved through a relation, in a series of bill transactions, and were signed blank acceptances, and that bankruptcy was necessary to ascertain the extent to which she is involved. She says that this has been neither by extravagance nor want of success at the Olympic, which she means to carry on, for the benefit of her creditors. Anderson, her brother-in-law, is the relation to whom she refers, and *he* writes that he has lost money by her bills, which he accepted to enable her to pay the salaries of the actors. Whatever are the faults of Vestris in private—and rumor says that they are legions, her management of the Olympic has been decorous and spirited. She made that theatre a fine property, having found it a sort of dramatic pig-stye.

A new "comic farce" (as it is called, being really a serious piece) is "The Modern Orpheus, or Music the God of Love." It has been produced at Covent Garden Theatre and is a translation from the French. Farren has the principal part, Achilles Dumont, a Paganini sort of character.

The opera of Fidelio, translated into English, is to be produced at Drury Lane, with Scrœder-Devrient as the heroine, she having studied English on purpose.

Taglioni comes over immediately to Drury Lane, where Balfe will bring out a new opera.

Hamblin, I believe, returns to New York by the next packet. He sails, I suppose from London. He returns in excellent health.

At the King's Theatre, on Tuesday night, Signora Albertazzi appeared in Cenerentola. She is spoken of as a most surprising and surpassing vocalist and actress. The Spectator says, "The most fastidious critics must have been more than satisfied with Signora Albertazzi's performance. She possesses every requisite to form an accomplished singer. Our first impression was that her voice was a rich contralto, but its compass seemed gradually to extend, until it reached the brilliant quality of a pure soprano. Nor was any part in this extensive compass weak or defective. There was no break or uncertainty from top to bottom, but every portion of her voice appeared equally and alike at command." The lady is a native of England, but evidently educated in the best school of Italy. She has made a most tremendous hit.

Sheridan Knowles has brought out a new play at the Covent Garden Theatre. It is a melo-drama, with songs, called Brian Boroihme, (pronounced Boru) written some six and twenty years ago, when Kean and Knowles were of the small company at Waterford Theatre. I am afraid it will add little to his reputation.

The second volume of Lockhart's Life of Scott will appear on this day week, May 1.

L. E. L. has written a memoir of the Princess Victoria, which is to be published on her birth day.

Washington Irving's new work, in 3 vols. is Adventures of Captain Bonneville, or Scenes in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West.

The second volume of Moore's History of Ireland will appear on Monday.

Mr. Grant announces, in 2 volumes, a second series of his popular work—"The Great Metropolis."

The author of Jerningham announces a new novel, Doveton, or the man of many impulses.

Miss Martineau's new work, in 3 vols., "Society in America," is nearly ready.

Cooper, your great novelist, announces 3 vols., entitled "England." No man could do more justice to the subject, and few works will be more popular.

Bulwer's new and long-announced work is nearly ready, it is entitled, "Athens, its rise and fall, with views of the arts, literature, and social life of the Athenian people."

The author of the Makanna (a novel, the scene of which lies at the Cape), has "The Picaroon" in the Press.

Leigh Hunt has thrown his pen once more into newspaper literature. In a new weekly journal, called "The Guide," commenced yesterday, he has what he calls a "Sunday Lecture on *the Right Cheerfulness of Sunday.*"

Venetia, young D'Israeli's new novel, is not yet pulished.

Gleig, author of the Subaltern, and of Allan Breck, has a new novel in the press. It is called The Huzzar.

Neil, author of Cavendish, has brought out a new sea-story, 'yclept "Gentleman Jack." Neil was a purser's clerk, or something of the sort, in the navy, and is now a barrister. He is certainly a man of great ability.

ANECDOTE OF COOKE.

George Frederick Cooke was always fond of a frolic on his benefit night, declaring that he never took liberties with his friends at any other time. It once happened, during an engagement at Philadelphia, that on such an occasion he was short for money, and at a loss to raise the wind for the accustomed breeze. In this dilemma he started up town in speculative mood, determined to inspirit himself in some way or other. Having reached the corner of Callowhill and English streets, he cast his eye towards the Delaware, and perceived one of those enticing signs of three golden balls.—He turned the corner, and, entering the fatal door, addressed the man behind the counter thus:—"My name is Cooke. This is my benefit night. The manager can't do without me, as I am up for Richard III. I want some liquor. I have no money. Now I propose to hypothecate my royal person for ten dollars, and you may lay me up on one of your shelves." The joke was a good one, and the master of ceremonies paid $10, and Cooke was laid up.

The theatre that night was crowded, and at 7 o'clock the manager came forward to apologize, stating that, with the permission of the audience, the performance would commence with the farce. He had sent in different directions, but was unable to find Mr. Cooke in the city. He presumed the tragedian would be forthcoming in the course of the next half hour. As the manager retired, he was informed that a boy wished to see him in the green-room. He found the lad, who presented a note written in cyphers, which he at length translated thus:—

"My dear ——, I am in pawn for $10; send and redeem me, or it will be impossible for Richard to be himself to-night. Yours, Cooke."

The manager started immediately after the fixt star, and found him nicely shelfed, and a plate of crackers and cheese, and a bottle of brandy by him. In the button-hole of his coat was a piece of paper, marked "No. 1473," pawned for $10. The amount was paid, a hack was called, and Cooke and the manager rolled to the theatre, where the former had just time to dress and commence, "Now is the winter of our discontent," &c. It is said he never played Richard better, or received greater applause.

CIBARIA MEMORABILIA.

BY NIMROD.

Much as gluttony is to be condemned amongst people of all ranks in life, and although there is no rule to be laid down respecting a man's style of "living," as the act of housekeeping is called,—that being dependent on his means,—still, every man who can afford it should keep a good table, and exercise hospitality; for, if he do not, and should have done nothing else to make himself either useful or signal, he will slide into eternity as he has crept into existence, and very soon be forgotten. In fact, the man who can, but does not live well, may very reasonably be accused of selfishness, and a want of that sympathy which is a leading characteristic of his nature. In my walks through life, however, I have met with several persons who, wanting neither the means nor the inclination to keep a good table, have been remarkable for keeping a bad one. The "*ars fruendi*" that Horace allows to Tibullus, did not, as was his case, accompany the "*divitiæ*," and thus is the failure accounted for. I could name a memorable instance of this in the establishment of a wealthy and very worthy old gentleman whom I was in the habit of visiting in Hampshire. He neither knew nor cared himself anything about what is called good eating, and, perhaps, concluded his friends had a like indifference to it. "Is the soup good?" I heard him twice ask a *bon vivant* neighbor, as he was himself lapping it up in perfect satisfaction. On no answer being returned, the question was repeated, when his guest answered, "It is *pleasant*." On another occasion, I heard him ask a young nobleman, nearly two hours after dinner, during which time he had been drinking strong port, whether he would *like* a bottle of claret? "*Very much indeed*," said his lordship, with rather a strong emphasis.

That delicacy of arrangement called "the economy of the table," is an art difficult of acquirement,—at all events, not very generally practised in perfection. Still, we may believe that at no period of the world has it been so thoroughly understood and appreciated as at the present; and we may reasonably persuade ourselves that were a *bon vivant* asked to partake of the "*lautum et elegantum victum*," for which Nepos boasts, in his *Life of Atticus*, that gentleman was so distinguished—to say nothing of the probability of its having been served on a maple-wood table, without a table-cloth—he would for once forego his reverence for the classics, and very much prefer a dinner at Lord Sefton's. But this faithful biographer of the celebrated Roman knight, when speaking of his virtues, has one sentence which all persons who give dinners would do well to attend to. "*Atticus elegans fuit*," says he, "*non magnificus, omni diligentiâ munditiem non affluentiam affectabat.*" There is nothing that displays a worse taste—nothing, indeed, is more vulgar, than a man attempting to give large and expensive dinners without a suitable establishment. The attempt must fail in one department or another, and a ridiculous scene is often the consequence. Indeed, I once witnessed one truly so. The lady of the house, having no regular housekeeper, was fearful of having the sweetmeats and tarts, intended for the second course, tithed by the servants, and had them locked up in a room, and then mislaid the key. A fine scene of confusion was the consequence; and the hammer and pincers of the blacksmith alone removed the difficulty. Horace, in one of his satires, is very good on this subject, as, indeed, he is on most others: he is describing a dinner at which display was intended, but which ended in a failure. We can fancy we see all the evils we speak of—namely, one dish burned to a cinder, a good sauce quite spoiled in the cooking, the servants ill-dressed and awkward, and the groom stinking of the stable. There is, likewise, a blamable ambition in little people inviting great people to their houses, which must be somewhat of a sacrifice to the latter, and no small torment to the former. Cicero, I remember, is jocose on this point in a letter to Trebatius, one of his learned and dearest friends:—"There is a queer chap of your acquaintance," says he—"I don't even recollect his name—who is perpetually asking me to his suppers, because I am a friend of yours. However, although he has not yet prevailed on me to accept the intended compliment, I am, nevertheless, obliged to the man." There was a little of this weakness in the character of my own father, who, having lived much in the *beau monde* in early life, was rather fond of a great man at his table. Having one day a person of more than ordinary distinction at his board, the eyes of an awkward country footman were so riveted upon him during dinner, that he absolutely walked down a large tray of glasses that stood in the room on a web stand, never having seen them until they were floored. And, after all, it is doing the great man anything but a favor, inasmuch as he must lose by the exchange. A friend of mine, who really lives well, and has a good establishment, once asked a sporting nobleman in his neighborhood, who lived still better, to dine with him; but he refused that, and a second invitation also. On his being asked *when* he would come, he answered candidly, "Upon my word, I can't say; the dining-room at —— is devilish comfortable."

There is, likewise, some art, or, at all events, some judgment, required in the selection of guests to a dinner party, which is too often not sufficiently regarded; for, as Swift says in his *Tale of a Tub*, a man may pass for a philosopher in one company, and be taken for a fool in another. Cicero's advice to a person ambitious of the honor of being one of the first-named class, not to run the chance of exposing himself in society, is very much to the purpose:—"*Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.*" Thus, my father's selection of the two or three hard-headed neighbors to meet the hard-drinking doctor alluded to in "Bacchanalia Memorabilia," was well-timed and judicious: being a sort of annual sacrifice to friendship, contracted in early life with a man whose only blemish was that of not being satisfied with less than two bottles of port at a sitting. But I have heard him speak of—indeed, his countenance was expressive of it at the time—the wretched hours he had passed at his own table in the presence of some young sporting friends, whom my brother or myself had selected in our youthful days. "I watched your conversation last evening," said he once to me, after a party of this description: "it was really painful, after all I have spent on your education, to find your whole thoughts engrossed by hounds, horses, and riding; and you talked of nothing else." But this is no isolated case. I remember, some twenty years back, dining with a clergyman, who never was a-hunting in his life, but was signal for his literary acquirements; when he beckoned me out of the room before dinner. "I have," said he, "a favor to ask of you; it is *not* to speak of horses or hounds, if you can help it. My nephew is come to visit me, from Dorsetshire; and having, unfortunately for me, been taking what he calls 'a Tour of Hounds,' I have three times had a recapitulation of it; and if you once mention the subject of hunting, we shall have it over again." We did have it over again, and I shall never forget the attempts made by the uncle to abridge it; but finding his nephew was well "hung to his fox," with a breast-high scent, and that there was no chance of either stopping him or heading him, he took a walk in his garden till the last fox was killed.

This part of my subject is very well handled by Mr. Walker, in several Numbers of the *Original*, uuder the head of the "Art of Dining," which leaves little for me to say; but it would be well if his remarks in the twenty-first Number, on the too common want of a good fire in cold weather, and some other comforts, in dining-rooms, where they are so frequently found to be sacrificed to show and ostentation, were more regarded than they are. His strictures, also, in other papers, on the tyranny of custom, which has so prostrated the real pleasures of the dinner-table to the same unworthy propensities, are equally just and meritorious; but on a certain large portion of society they will be of no avail at present. The "come-and-dine-with-me-to-day" system which he speaks of, on herrings, hashed mutton, and a cranberry tart, excellent and kind-hearted as it is, will not be revived again even in the country, much less in London. In fact, amongst all my acquaintance thus far in life, I never knew but one man who was quite the same man in London that I found him to be in the country, and who carried with him to the metropolis his usual hospitality and benevolence: and, perhaps, he carried it too far; for he asked almost every one of his acquaintance whom he met in the streets to dine with him *on that very day*,—the too frequent consequence of which was an ill-assorted lot of guests at his table. The fault here, we may say, lay on the right side. But, to shew to what an extent the hospitality of this Welsh squire was carried, I will relate the following anecdote, which I think is hard to be beaten, on this score at least. Being on a visit to him once at his house in London, and seeing his coach come to the door at the usual time, I asked him whither he was going. "Where *you* like," was his answer. "Then," said I, "take me into the city, I want to call upon a lawyer." As it happened, the lawyer stood at his door as the coach stopped; and, my business being merely to give him a letter from a client in the country, I told the footman I had finished my business. But my host had not commenced his; for, taking a card out of his pocket, he handed it over to the lawyer, whom he had never seen before in his life, accompanied with these words:—"*Turbot and lobster-sauce, sir, at six*; shall be happy in having your company." To give an idea of this gentleman's hospitality in the country, I need only say, that the usual annual amount of his maltster's bill was seven hundred pounds. "And once," said he to me, "I malted the produce of twenty acres of barley, of my own growing; *but my bill was not ten pounds the less for that*."

The dropping-in system that Mr. Walker speaks of will never go down in London; and it is very much reduced in the country, and even in Wales. I could name a sporting colonel, however, in one of the principalities, who still keeps what is called an open house; so much so, indeed, that the first question he asks on his arrival at home every day about bell-ringing time is, "*Who is here?*"

Intimately connected with good eating, and still more so with bad, is that said thing called a good digestion, which Shakspeare so judiciously wished might wait on appetite. Without it, not the wealth of a Crœsus, the honors of a Wellington or a Peel, nor even a conscience quite free from reproach, can procure real happiness to any human being. And by what a wonderful process is this operation performed! No wonder it puzzled the doctors of early days to account for it, and that at one time it was believed to have been conducted by an invisible being which had its residence within the stomach. One thing, however, is now generally admitted, namely, that on its strength or weakness depends the state of our general health; and that to the abuse of its powers are to be attributed some of the most painful diseases, as well as frightful deaths, to which the human frame is subject: also, that it is the standard by which the quantity of our food should be measured; that it varies with the vigor or decay of age and health, the use or disuse of air and exercises, and many more causes which it would be superfluous to name. In fact, it may properly be called the sole regulator of health, in a perfectly organized frame.

As it cannot for a moment be supposed that the means by which digestion is effected was not intended to be equal to the end proposed, it is quite clear that it would do its duty to extreme old age in naturally sound constitutions, were it not trespassed upon too much. Indeed, so convinced am I of the good effect of a strict dietary system, that a man of independent means, and of a properly constructed frame, might safely take one thousand pounds to return five, if, barring the effect of accidents and epidemics, *he ever became what is called "seriously ill*," until his constitution should yield to the all-powerful hand of Time.

Now, the question is—and a most interesting one, too—how is this invaluable treasure, a good digestion, to be preserved? The prescriptions are various and opposite. One person will tell you to eat luncheon,—in fact, never to let the stomach become empty, or it will, as it were, devour itself—at all events, become weakened. This doctrine is to me, of itself, hard of digestion; for why should not the digestive powers be restored by rest, as is the case with all our active faculties? Some of the longest livers I have known never tasted luncheon; my own father amongst them, who would have required it to be put down his throat with a balling-iron,—for he never would have swallowed it *sponte suâ*. In fact, I consider it a horrible innovation on our manner of living; and the most irksome, unpleasant, unsatisfactory hours—independent of actual pain or calamity—that I have ever spent, have been those passed in houses in which I have been induced, by the example of others, to eat a hot luncheon,—and this in very bad weather, which has precluded taking exercise after it.

But did I not eat luncheon in my hunting-days? Not once in a week did I taste anything between a good substantial breakfast and dinner; and I have heard Mr. Warde, the father of the field, say, he never ate luncheon in his life; and who has had a better digestion than he has had, and I hope now has? Lord Panmure has gone a step beyond him; for his Lordship has never accustomed himself but to one meal a day, and that has been a good dinner, to which he has been thus able to do justice, having nothing of the *indigesta moles* of the previous meal to contend with.

Lord Byron, in *Don Juan*, says:—

> "—— Man is a carnivorous production,
> And must have meals at least *once* a day:
> And cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction;
> But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey."

I will allow him *two*—a good breakfast and a good dinner; but, as for a hot luncheon, I think it a most destructive meal; and I learn, from good authority, that half the young men who lose their health or their lives in the East Indies, are destroyed by the excitement of hot luncheons, followed by still hotter dinners. I am aware that it has been the practice of medical men to order their dyspeptic patients not to let their stomachs become empty; but I think I shall live to see this theory, as I have seen many others, upset. "How do you live?" said Abernethy to a good-looking dyspeptic, whose stomach, he suspected, had not been empty for many a long day. "I eat a little, and *often*," he replied, "and I don't drink much." "Then eat a little, and *seldom*, and drink still less," resumed that determined enemy to all cooks but his own; "and then you will get well." But this son of Esculapius was rather too severe on the kitchen,—at all events, rather hasty in condemning it. "I see what is the matter with *you*," said he to a lady of my acquaintance, who seldom ate more than would keep a six months' old kitten alive,—"the *kitchen! the kitchen!* your husban d keeps a good cook."

Now, I will tell you, reader, what I consider the best means of preserving that invaluable treasure, a good digestion; and I speak on the authority of fifty-seven years' experience. "Do not overload the barrow," as an old country apothecary used to say; or, speaking technically, do not let the *ingesta* exceed the *egesta*. And even with the help of strong exercise, by which the escape of the "*egesta*" is facilitated, still the grand secret is not to eat too much at one time. As to what you eat, it is not, in my opinion, of half the consequence that the quantity eaten is. It is the *ingesta* taken to excess; it is giving the stomach more to do than it is well able to do, that weakens the digestive powers beyond anything else, hard drinking to excess of strong spirituous liquors excepted. Now and then what is called "a good blow-out" may be indulged in with impunity; but, generally speaking, no person should quite satisfy the appetite at dinner: I mean to say, he should be able to ask himself at the conclusion of it some such question as this:—"Could I now eat the thigh of a pheasant, or the leg of a woodcock, placed on a bit of toast, well covered with its ropes, and some very well melted butter? Could I, after that, find room for a little apricot tart, or some tipsy pudding?" If the stomach implies assent, there is no harm done by that day's dinner, be it what it may, as Nature will not turn sulky at the task she has to perform.

There can be no man who has had the education of a gentleman—even if he should be silly enough not to believe a word in them—that does not occasionally read the Scriptures, for the sake of their beautiful language. But all persons should read them for the instruction they contain on worldly affairs, seeing that no probable means of conveying it is untried. They teach by precept and example, and employ every argument which may be likely to make an impression on the mind. At one time they cheer us by comfortable promises; at another they put us on our guard by seasonable hints and admonitions. Amongst the latter are many against intemperance in eating, and having our bodies, as well as our hearts, "overcharged with surfeiting," by which the day comes upon him unawares. Nothing can be more demonstrative than this—and coming from such authority, too—of the danger from over-feeding, which sends thousands of nearly all civilized nations every day to their graves. And yet this warning voice is too often disregarded by those whose lives are most valuable to them. I remember, when I was a lad, however, being surprised to see a neighboring clergyman, with whom I used to dine two or three times during the holidays, send away his plate before he had eaten more than half what was on it, and generally with this remark to his servant,—"There, Samuel, take it away: it is very good, and I *could* eat it; but I think I am better without it." I need scarcely observe, he lived to be a very old incumbent on a very good rectory, having had none of those disorders which Goldsmith calls "clerical." But such jokes are of old standing in the world. And yet the conduct of my host was truly epicurean, and in the strictest sense of that term, inasmuch as it was by balancing the hazards of consequences against present gratification that formed the principal feature in Epicurus's system of philosophy.

One word more about the sole fountain of health. If the natural powers of the stomach were properly consulted, I really believe that, setting aside accidents and epidemics, before alluded to, we should *never be ill*,—meaning to imply by the word "we," persons who, like myself, are descended from healthy parents, are free from malconformation, and have the unrestricted use of sun and air. But this said organ requires a deal of tickling and humoring to keep it in good humor, after the age of forty; when, as Johnson says, there is no dallying with life in any way. Then the question is, how should it be treated to keep it in good humor, and induce it to do its duty? The answer is obvious,—neither stuff it nor starve it. "When the body is in want of aliment," says a very clever writer, "to refuse it any, and let it suffer from hunger, or thirst, is delirium, and a real sin against the law of nature;" and Horace, in the 8th satire, 2d book, implies, that when the stomach is angry it is proper to appease it. But we are too apt not to be content with appeasing it, but actually encourage it to exhibit extra wants. Indeed, I have often heard a friend of mine, remarkable for a good twist say, he never knows what it is to be hungry; but at the hours of meals a sort of mechanical appetite enables him to make what is called an excellent dinner.

I have often thought that the lower orders of the English people, and, indeed, those of most other countries, neither know nor care anything about the process of digestion; and, provided they get what is vulgarly called a bellyful, trouble their heads little about the consequences. This caused me to be surprised at hearing of a French road wagoner, a few weeks back, having been heard to order his dinner at a small public-house, requesting that "it might be something light, as he had been all the morning troubled with indigestion."

Several new and rather startling nostrums have been of late years in vogue to assist weak stomachs, and amongst them a slice of *fat* bacon for breakfast. For the honor of the pig, I am free to admit that this is often found to be of service to bilious persons, and in spite of the authority of the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy, which prohibits the pig being eaten fat or lean. But who would ever have supposed that, among *modern* prohibitions, the very staff of life itself is one? Bread is now forbidden to be eaten by very dyspeptic subjects, in consequence of the fermentation it causes in the stomach. "Here is a pretty business," said a dyspeptic dignitary of the church to his wife, on his return from a visit to Abernethy; "I have been praying twice every day of my life, and six times on Sundays, for my daily bread, and now I am not allowed to eat it!"

I will now conclude my observations on this part of my subject—digestion. All persons ought to know from experience what food agrees with them, and what does not; also the quantity they may take with impunity; so that, in fact, a good or bad digestion is greatly at our command. As for myself, having been blessed with a good one, I have taken as much care of it as a general want of prudence and forethought have permitted me to do. Were I, however, to feel the approach of disease, or to find myself, from some invisible cause, not to be the man this month that I was the last, it would be to diet and the saddle, not to the doctor and the druggist, that I should apply to restore me. I feel quite satisfied that Dryden was right when he said, "God never made his work for man to mend;" and that he would need no "mending" if he lived more in obedience to nature; which implies temperance and exercise. It is not necessary that, either to enjoy life or live long, a man should be in the highest possible state of health his nature is capable of; but such a state is alone to be attained by a strict course of diet and exercise, or, what is called in the training stables, "*work*;" which implies more than exercise. Persons who live well, and do not, or cannot, take much exercise, imagine they find the substitute in the blue-pill (I never took but two of those things in my life, and hope never to take another), and the black draught; but they will not answer the purpose for any length of time. Man is naturally a long-lived animal; but, substituting the candle, as a metaphor, for the lamp of life, it will not do to light it at both ends at once. Our "three score years and ten" may be considerably prolonged, if such be our wish, by our own means; and the flame will then only expire when the material is exhausted.

Temperance.—The question is, What is temperance, in the common acceptation of the term? "Moderation in any thing," and Johnson adds, "opposed to gluttony," as abstemiousness (*absque temeto*) is to drunkenness. But what is temperance in practice? I smiled at a definition given of it, a short time back, by one *bon vivant*, when speaking of another *bon vivant*, who had been obliged to slacken his pace on account of ill health. "He has fallen back," said he, "on mutton and sherry." What would a brahmin say to this? Now, my own notion of temperance is simply this: if we feel no oppression in the stomach after eating, and no additional heat, or accelerated circulation, from drinking, we are sufficiently temperate for the rational expectation of a long life, generally free from disease—taking it for granted that a sufficient quantity of bodily exercise is taken in the open air. As for that very high state of health which Mr. Walker speaks of having attained, the attainment of it is a matter of certainty, as proved by the condition of prize-fighting-men; but it is upon terms and by sacrifices quite incompatible with the present usages of good society. Besides, the above-named writer observes, and Hippocrates asserted it before him, this very high degree of health is not only difficult to be preserved for any length of time, but life is not so certain under its influence as when the happy medium is preserved. This reminds me of an assertion of mine, in my letters on the condition of hunters, which was commented upon by the opponents to my system of never letting horses get quite out of condition, which was inevitably the result of the turning out to grass system in the summer. I said, horses in such very high condition as three or four years of the in-door treatment would bring them to, must be narrowly watched, as they were always more or less liable to inflammatory attacks, from the unnatural state in which they were kept. Such is the case with race-horses; they remain but a very short time at their best, without being left down again, as the term is, in their condition. But anything approaching to a purely natural state is quite out of the question with hunters and race-horses, as, indeed, it is with man, as far as his health and comfort are concerned, which the statistics of mortality from various parts of the world very clearly show.

Still the word "condition," in the sense in which I have just used it, is not one of too low import to be applied to a human being. On the contrary, it behoves every man, who has the means of doing it, to keep himself in a certain degree of *condition* by diet and exercise, which will greatly add to his enjoyment of life, as well as to the length of it. But the word "*condition*," with the epithet "good" attached to it, is often very improperly applied, both to horse and man; but never more so than to man. When we see him "*pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute*," as Horace has it, fat in person, and sleek in his skin, we tell him how well he is looking. I admit that his appearance is agreeable and pleasing, still he is unfit for any bodily exertion, and disease is never far from his heels. On the other hand, gout, dropsy, apoplexy, or paralysis, very rarely, indeed, attacks a man in condition,—in regular training *never*. The why and the wherefore of this is admirably accounted for in one of the numbers of the *Spectator*, in which the human body is, as it were, dissected to our view upon paper, and the necessity for our assisting the secret distributions of nature, so clearly pointed out.

I cannot say that, in my hardest working days, when I have found my bodily powers, as it were, nearly superior to the influence of fatigue, as well as inaccessible to disease, I ever felt the extreme buoyancy of person which Mr. Walker speaks of as having experienced from a certain dietary course, assisted by strong exercise in the country;[*] but I once perceived something approaching to it. I had been spending the early summer months chiefly at a watering-place, and was, consequently, out of condition. In the month of August I went to pass a fortnight with a brother-in-law, in Wales, for the purpose of shooting on his moors; and here I produce my proof. His house was situated on the top of rather a high hill, and the road that led to it from the lodges measured exactly half a mile. Previously to shooting commencing, I felt oppressed, and blown, at the end of this half-mile walk, up hill, which I took two or three times a-day, as a preparation for walking the moors; but when I returned from ten days traversing the mountains, it required the evidence of my senses to perceive that it was not level ground.

Choice of Food.—I am not sufficiently versed in the dietetic science to say much on this subject; but it appears to me that what we may call the law of nature forbids only what is injurious to health,—varying its precepts, however, according to constitutional peculiarities. Of course, I now allude to persons who, like ourselves, are inhabitants of temperate regions, and not to those of hot countries; where not only have legislators made laws respecting food, but where the dietetic science has constituted a considerable part of morality. The question with us chiefly lies between animal food and vegetable; and there are circumstances which appear to make it one somewhat difficult to decide upon. I never was in India, and, therefore, am unable to speak of the Brahmin race; but when I see a six-feet Irishman, with Herculean powers, and a finely-developed frame, who I know has been brought up like a hog, chiefly on potatoes, with only a very small portion of milk, and has not tasted animal food or flesh a dozen times in his life, I confess I am staggered. Still, as man is not herbivorous, but carnivorous, animal food is his natural food; and I am sure it agrees best with me. Lord Byron, I find, ate nothing but fish, the least nourishing of all food; for which reason, I believe, his Lordship selected it, being averse to getting fat. But from the very common adage, that "fish should swim three times"—first in their native element, then in the kettle on the kitchen fire, and, lastly, in wine in the stomach of the eater,—we may pronounce them, for the most part, unwholesome, indigestible food; and the premature death of the noble poet rather strengthens the presumption. As to a vegetable diet, it is, in my opinion, from the effects I have seen from it in France, only fit for real hogs; and there are but few vegetables brought to table that would not be better in the hog-tub. As for beans, peas, and cabbage, unless very young indeed, I am quite sure they never could have been intended to get beyond the pig-trough. Human constitutions, however, vary very much as to food; and in this respect resemble those of horses. The stimulus of animal food, together with fermented liquors, is too much for many men; and, for the same reason, some horses will not be in good health if they eat beans, which are very exciting food. On the other hand, I have noticed laboring men, in counties—Gloucestershire, for instance—where they live chiefly on fine wheaten bread, and very little meat, to look sallow in the face, and become shrivelled and old long before their time.

I could produce many facts to prove the superiority, as regards a good digestion and health, of a generous diet, consisting principally of good animal food, over that of bread and vegetables; but, perhaps, the most striking and satisfactory one within my own knowledge, is to be found in the result of the cholera, which raged in Calais and its neighborhood four years back. The proportion of French to English deaths was at least twenty to one; and I have good reason to believe that the latter did not amount to more than half-a-dozen in all. I resided at that awful period in a large old chateau, three miles from the town, on the Dunkirk road; and although twenty-eight persons fell victims to the disease *within the circumference of two miles*, and I had nine adults and four children under my roof, it never passed my threshold. This I in a great measure attributed to a strict dietary discipline—not a vegetable, nor even an apple, being eaten by any one of the family, and nothing drunk but cold and weak brandy and water with meals, and a little sound wine afterwards. The vast quantity of vegetable matter eaten by the French absolutely courts such diseases as the cholera; and the havoc it made with them in the various places in which it appeared is truly awful to contemplate. On discussing this point with a French medical gentleman in Calais, to whom, perhaps, it would have been in vain to have said a word against the prevailing national taste for vegetables, he admitted that, as far as his observation went, Englishmen carried their years better than Frenchmen, and made a stouter resistance to disease.[†]

Now the question is, What is meant by a generous diet? Why, as according to the old adage, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," there is a difficulty in defining it. With a man of good constitution, however, and able to take a certain quantity of exercise, two substantial meals a-day will keep him well up to the mark, without overloading his system; but it is impossible to fix the measure of his drink, without being acquainted with his habits. As regards myself, having long since broken myself of the habit of drinking during dinner when alone, I find about a pint of claret afterwards just the right quantity; a bottle, too much.

Supper.—This once so much prized meal took its flight from the tables of the upper orders of English soon after Squire Western and the ptarmigan took theirs. They were become *raræ aves* in my younger days, and I have no wish to see them return. But whence the objection to them on the score of health? I cannot answer that question, inasmuch as every animal, save man, goes to sleep with a full stomach; and Mr. Hunter's experiment on the greyhounds seemed to confirm the benefit of doing so. After an early dinner—say not later than three o'clock—they may be conducive to health; but although, for the last sixteen years, I have always dined, *en famille*, at or about that hour, in the summer months, I never ate supper, because I prefer eating a good breakfast. I am, however, inclined to think my practice a wrong one, and Mr. Walker's remarks in his papers on suppers strongly induce me to that opinion; and that the best plan would be to divide the meals—that is, to make a light dinner, and a lighter supper. However, as I am now in my fifty-eighth year, and would be warranted sound "limb, wind, and eyesight," and without even a rheumatic pain, my system of living cannot have been far wrong. Although very little of a philosopher, in other respects, I am so far a disciple of Epicurus, as to have thought with him, that good health is the second happiness of life; and have, therefore, taken care of it, as, in my opinion, all mankind are bound to do. Indeed, I have gone a point beyond this. I have always endeavored to keep myself in something like working condition; and it was only a few weeks back that a neighbor of mine allowed I was less distressed, for wind, than he was, when walking over the Calais sand-hills, where the ground is loose, and in parts steep of ascent; and notwithstanding he had been walking eleven hours on the preceding day with his pointers.

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[*] "One day," he says, "I took hold of the branch of a tree, to raise myself from the ground, when I was astonished to feel such a buoyancy as to have scarcely any sense of weight."—(See Original, No IV.)

[†] All epidemic disorders fall lightly upon Calais; still it is worthy of the notice of the pathologist, that in the last influenza not one English person sank under it, whilst the mortality among the French was considerable.

But one word more about supper, in reference to the digestion of it during sleep. It certainly argues in favor of Mr. Walker's recommendation of it, that exercise after a full meal is not only most disagreeable, but dangerous. It appears to set every thing fighting in the stomach, and the strongest food gets the mastery, to our no small annoyance. It has often been my lot to ride fast, and far, after eating a hearty dinner; but I never did so without punishment. Neither did I ever do so without thinking of a circumstance that once happened at Melton Mowbray, which of itself speaks of the danger of it. One of the best of the first-flight men, Mr. John White, got a very bad fall; and two of his friends rode off to Melton for assistance. The doctor sought for had just dined; and, with almost the last bit in his mouth, got into his saddle, and was on his way to the wounded sportsman, accompanied by the two gentlemen who came to fetch him. Mounted on their hunters, and anxious for the safety of their friend, they kept the doctor's horse going at a right good pace: but, finding there was still something left in him, they began tickling him with their hunting-whips, till they got him to his full speed. "Stop, gentlemen," cried the doctor, "*I cannot go this pace.*" It was of no avail; the gentlemen continued tickling the nag, and the nag continued to answer the whip. "You must let me pull up," exclaimed the doctor; "I have just eaten a hearty dinner, and I shall have an apoplectic fit if I go this pace any longer."

Pleasures of the Table.—An ascetic temper is ill displayed in any situation; and the festive pleasures of the table, when kept within decent bounds, have been less condemned than most others sought after by mankind. Even the Stoics talk of unbending the brow of care at the hour of meals; and Cicero, the wisest of philosophers, in moral knowledge, at least, expresses the great delight he experienced in a dinner or supper party. "It is there," says he, "that I throw out just what comes uppermost, and laugh away the sighs and sorrows of my heart." The very appearance of a good dinner certainly seems to diffuse cheerfulness over every face; but the charm extends far beyond this. The effect of pleasing conversation, and the assembling together of friends, has a surprising effect on the digestive powers, which, we must own, is rather difficult to account for, considering the process by which it is performed. Such is the fact, however; and I can safely assert, that I have never known what it is to feel oppressed by a hearty dinner eaten in the presence of a very agreeable party. And I must also admit, that a well selected party in the act of eating a good dinner is a most agreeable sight to a benevolent mind; neither have I any objection, now and then, to hear a rhapsody of exclamation from one or two of the guests, on the great merits of some individual dish, although it may not be considered to be quite *comme il faut*, in these refined times. The system of cramming, or, I should rather have said, of being crammed, is now, happily, done away with; but in my early days it was in vain to refuse a tit-bit, or to taste of some particular dish at the host's command. "Bring Mr. So-and-so's plate here," he would say; and there was nothing for him but to submit.

The Cook.—An old writer calls a cook "a pimp to the mouth; that kills his own stomach to quicken his master's; who lives like a bear, by licking his fingers. Before a feast, he, in his white sleeves and apron, resembles the ephod of a priest, and seems to be preparing rather a sacrifice than a supper. His office is a representation of hell, where all sorts of creatures are tormented in flames, to satisfy the depraved and various nature of the tastes of men, whose pleasures and contentments are no other ways to be completed but at the prejudice of their fellow animals, over which reason, not strength, has purchased them the sovereignty, so much abused in this world as may render the worst of punishments just in the next." This is rather a hard sentence on both cooks and their masters; but, as a set-off against it is the old proverb, that God sends us meat, whilst the devil provides the cook. Among the little gods, however—the *dii minorum gentium*—those called Penates, who, from the very derivation of their name, must have presided over the kitchen, were paid great respect to in the heavens, by reason of their services to mankind, who could neither live nor use their understanding without them.

Perhaps it might be too much to say, that a good cook is the most economical servant in a gentleman's establishment; but it is beyond doubt that a bad one is the most destructive one. I am, therefore, very much inclined to believe that heads of families often mistake their own interest in making the value of five or ten pounds a-year a consideration in hiring a female cook, since their object should be to get a good one. It is beyond a doubt that great waste takes place by meat being ill-dressed when served the first time to the table; but when it comes in the shape of a second edition, still greater loss will be sustained, unless it is made piquant and tempting by good cooking, which goes a long way in the servants' hall. "Waste not, want not," is frequently the motto over the kitchen fire-places of great men, and it applies to all kitchens; for, if a cook be not supplied with the "wants," "waste" is sure to be the result.

Now the question—What constitutes a good cook? is not very easily answered, so many qualifications being necessary. Agreeable to the old rule in syntax, however, that the masculine is more worthy than the feminine, I shall name a few of the qualifications which the *præfectus*, or chief of the kitchen—as the French call a man-cook—should have. First, he must be born with a palate—that is, he must be able to taste well (*integro sapere palato*), or he will never excel in his art; and to preserve this taste he must have some self-command. He must avoid spirituous liquors and cigars; and, as one eminent in his line told me, he should, previously to great occasions, on which it is much his wish to excel, have recourse to medicine, by way of refining his palate. He should be not merely cleanly in his own person, but insist on the strictest personal cleanliness in his kitchen maids, and have a very sharp eye to stewpans and saucepans. Respecting another sort of taste, the proper arrangement of a dinner, he will only acquire that in his apprenticeship, under a real artist; and not then, unless the master of the artist knows how the thing should be done. For this reason, cooks from hotels, in England, are not in request in noblemen's and gentlemen's establishments.

The charm of a good cook has been acknowledged in all ages of the world, and was never in higher repute than in the present. "Who is the author?" says Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, was the question asked in his time by the critics, on the appearance of a new book. "Does he keep a coach?—Where lies his estate? *What sort of table does he keep?* Feeding upon turtle," says he, "is a more ready way to fame than having digested Tully." But nothing wipes away disgrace equal to a good cook:—

> "What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
> Thy truffles, Perigord; thy hams, Bayonne?
> With French libation, and Italian strain,
> Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay's stain."

These are the words of Swift; and what a just paraphrase of them did I hear the other day, at Brussels. "What will become of a certain noble Lord," asked one gentleman in my hearing, "should the charge of cheating at play be substantiated against him?" "Oh," replied another gentleman, well known in St. James's Street, "he will remain on the Continent for a couple of years; he will then return with a very good cook, and all will be right again."

The inferiority of women-cooks to those of our sex is admitted. I have eaten many dinners dressed by those of the first class—of those who have had forty or fifty guineas a-year wages; but their want of excellence *throughout* is apparent at one glance. In roasting, however, they have the preference, especially over French men-cooks, who overdo their meat on the spit. In fact, to ensure success, and where the rent-roll will admit of it, there should be a French *chef de cuisine*, an English kitchen-maid, and a London or Paris confectioner.

By way of shewing the general interest taken in cookery, and the wish of the generality of housekeepers to excel in it, the following anecdote may be given.—Mr. Murray, the celebrated publisher in London, was congratulated by a friend some years back on the extensive sale of a particular work which he had published. "It is very great," replied Mr. Murray, with a smile; *it is next in extent to Domestic Cookery, by a Lady.*

French and English Cookery.—Being now entering upon my seventh years' residence in France, I may be equal to form an opinion on the relative merits of French and English cookery. As regards expense, the French is greatly preferable, going nearly the length of "making something out of nothing;" whereas, our lumps of roast and boiled meat, of which a considerable part is always rejected and wasted, greatly swell the butcher's bill. It also requires, that in this simple state, meat, to be well-flavored and wholesome, should be of the very first quality; which it is not necessary that it should be under the French system of cooking. As for the wholesomeness, I think that, to a certain extent, also lies on the French side; although I agree with Mr. Walker (who thinks as I do as to the wholesomeness), that "the French mode of cookery is not so favorable to physical power as the English." But when I venture to pronounce French cookery to be more wholesome than our own, I mean only the best sort of it; for I consider the food of the lower orders to be very detrimental to their health, from the immense quantity of indifferent vegetables of which it is composed; as, also, from its washy, unsubstantial nature throughout. On these subjects, however, there is nothing like figures; and on referring to a work called *Statistics of Mortality in the various Countries of Europe, by M. Moreau de Jonnes; Paris and London*, 1834, we find the number of deaths to be, as compared with the amount of population, 1 in 55 in Great Britain, and 1 in 40 in France. Now, it being generally admitted that the climate of France is very much superior to that of Great Britain, it would appear, that to the quality of the food chiefly must her excess of mortality be attributed.

But to return to the best sort of French cookery. I admit that caution is required in the choice of dishes at the *tables d'hôte*, where there is too much of the *cænia dubia* about them to take them quite upon trust. Nevertheless, when we consider that it requires something like mechanical force to separate the fibres of a tough beef-steak, or a leg of ewe mutton, I think there can be no doubt but that the evils of a rich sauce are more then compensated by the comparatively slight powers of digestion which the French meat requires, after having been already half digested in the stewpan. As for their soups, I have never tasted what I call a good soup ever since I have been in France. They all appear to me to be made of the same materials, and after the same manner—namely, a great deal of burnt bread to give them color, a great deal of vermicelli to give them a pretty appearance, and just as much flavor of animal food as if the dish-cloth had been once rinsed in the tureen after this miscalled liquor had been put into it. But I am not altogether qualified to give my opinion about soups; for, although I am the son of a man who never dined at home without soup, I very rarely touch it—not five times in a year. I consider it the worst possible start over the mahogany—not only relaxing to the stomach, but, with myself, acting as a damper to the appetite, sufficient to destroy half the pleasure arising from a well-cooked dinner.* And it would seem that it was always considered a damper. In the celebrated song of "Wednesdbury Cocking" the guests are to dine for a groat; but on condition that, before they begin upon the beef, they are to swallow a gallon of broth. This recalls to my recollection a fact that occurred many years back in Cheshire. Two gentlemen, afterwards eminent in their profession—one of them, indeed, became chief-justice of England—served their clerkship with a very rich, but excessively miserly, attorney in that county, whose larder was generally very ill supplied. "I know not what we shall do, sir," (he resided in the country), said his housekeeper to him one day, on finding that two of his clients intended stopping to dine with him; "there will not be dinner enough, I fear." "Have you brothed the clerks?" inquired the lawyer. "I have, sir," replied the housekeeper. "Then, *broth 'em again*," replied the miser. Another droll anecdote was current about this said lawyer; but how far characteristic of him, it would be indecent in me to say. Being overtaken on his road home one night by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, he became very much alarmed, and was glad to avail himself of the company of a neighbor who was going his road. "You need not be afraid," said the man to him; "if the devil was to come he would take me and not you."—"Why so?" asked the lawyer. "He knows *he is sure of you*," was the answer.

It was Voltaire, I believe, who made the following distinction between the French and English nations.—"*We*," said he, speaking of his countrymen, "have a hundred sauces, and only one religion; whereas, *you* have a hundred religions, and only one sauce" (he meant melted butter). There is too much truth throughout the whole of this sarcasm, and more particularly as regards the cookery. What can be more unsatisfactory—I was near saying more unwholesome—than the dinner set before a hungry traveller at any of our English inns, at a short notice? A tough beef-steak, a greasy mutton-chop, or a still more greasy veal cutlet, floating in something like a sauce, perhaps five days old, with half a dozen slices of generally rusty bacon! But how different does he fare at the inns of even small country towns in France! He is certain, at all events, to have choice of food at any of them; but at the *tables d'hôte* of any places of note, he must, indeed, be fastidious if he do not make an excellent dinner of fish, flesh, fowls, and pastry, should he be inclined for so much variety, and for the same price as he pays for his tough beef-steak and badly boiled potatoes in his own country.

Perhaps, in all civilized countries, too much time and attention may be said to be devoted to the luxury of eating and drinking; and, certainly, there is none in which the culinary art is so generally studied, and so ably practised, as in France. This is, amongst others, in one way accounted for. Necessity has ever been the sole motive for, if not the mother of, all inventions; and there cannot be a doubt but that to the generally inferior quality of French meat are many of their "hundred sauces" and good dishes to be attributed. As regards their vegetables, however, the French people need not this stimulus,—for I believe them to be generally good, if sought for; but their mode of dressing most of them is excellent. Whether, in this state, they are so wholesome as in the simple form in which they are sent to table in England, is another question; and, as I am not much versed in the science of medicinal cookery, I will offer no opinion on the subject. I well remember, however, that Cicero complains of being afflicted with a violent dysentery, from eating richly dressed vegetables, at the inauguration feast of Lentullus, during the existence of a sumptuary law which exempted the products of the earth from its restrictions.

Effect of Food on the Mind.—A good deal of nonsense has been written on the various effects of food on the mind and disposition of man, all of which strikes me to be very deficient in solidity. "*Il est certain*," says Rousseau, "*que les grands mangeurs de viande sont en general cruels et feroces plus que les autres hommes. Cette observation est de tous les lieux et de tous les tems. La barbare Anglaise est connue.*" (See *Emile, tom. i. p.* 274). Our countryman, Sir William Temple, in his account of the United Provinces, has fallen almost into the same error; but Mr. Hume, in his admirable essay on National Character, points out the Swedes as a striking exception to this general observation. John Bull is, undoubtedly, a truly carnivorous animal; but, in answer to the remark of M. Rousseau, I must observe, that notwithstanding the comparatively unsubstantial and cooling diet which his own countrymen are famed for using, they can exhibit a bit of the bull dog now and then, as much as John can do; and no one doubts their courage. Animals that live entirely on flesh are said only to be savage when hungry; at least Shaw, the naturalist, states that a lion, satiated with it, loses his courage to such a degree, that a child may obtain command over him, by the use of sharp words and a stick!

The life of privacy and retirement which I have lived during my residence in France, has not enabled me to say much of the style of French dinners in private houses; but one which I sat down to in that of a French nobleman, at St. Omer, in September last, could not be surpassed at Belvoir Castle. It had but one fault, which was being too good; and from the variety of dishes that made their appearance, at convenient intervals, aided by a like variety of wines, the inducement to partake of them was an overmatch for prudence. As for dinners at inns, or hotels, as they are called in France, they put to shame those we meet with in England. A visit to Calais, or Bolougne, will prove this assertion; but I wish I could have given a sketch of the dinner at the Anciente Poste Hôtel, in St. Omer, at the races, last summer. It would have made a beautiful picture, by the pencil of a good artist, not only from the form and variety of the dishes, but the magnificent dessert which overspread the centre of the table. It had another advantage, not to be heard of at race dinners in our own country: it was ordered for forty persons, and forty persons sat down to it, the party being selected by the stewards. Neither was the charge for it alone immoderate, being ten francs a head; but when I came to pay my bill the next morning, I was reminded of Mr. Warde's description of the Pytchley-hunt dinners in Northamptonshire—viz., that "*they were all very well but the reckoning.*" I was charged for three bottles of Champagne, as my own share; and was then asked by the landlord, *what brandy-and water I had drank.* My answer was—placing my hand on my stomach—"*Regardez mon estomac, monsieur, c'est impossible.*"—Bonniface shrugged up his shoulders, and said no more. Neither did I; but I believe that, for once in my life, I paid forty shillings in the pound, having drunk half that quantity, and nothing else besides.

On talking over these matters lately with a very clever Englishman, he remarked, that the peculiarities in the habits of different nations at their meals would afford an excellent subject for the pen of a well-travelled gentleman; and I am quite of his opinion, as even trifles relating to the social state of other countries are interesting. The breakfast *à la fourchette* is not at all to my taste; neither do I think it is nearly so prevalent in France as formerly. The last time I was at Dunkirk, however, I saw it in full operation, and under circumstances which, I must say, surprised me. It was at the early hour of seven o'clock, when I was making my breakfast of coffee and a roll, that I saw a table prepared for two, in the same room, with every thing necessary for a dinner.—It was soon occupied by two gentlemen, who, having eaten heartily of some very savoury dishes, and drunk a bottle of wine between them, got into their curricle, and drove away. Now, had I partaken of this repast, I should have felt muddled, if not fuddled, all the rest of the day, and, I think, incapacitated from any mental exertion.

"Did you ever observe," said the gentleman to whom I have alluded, "the difference between the French and our method of taking soup? *We*," said he, "drink it, *they* eat it; which is at once observable by the manner in which it is handed to the mouth by the spoon. We draw it up by our breath, which is called sipping, accompanied by a not very agreeable noise; they hand it into the mouth noiselessly, the point of the spoon entering within the lips. Again," said he, "you will not see the most uncouth of the French put a knife into their mouths, at their meals; whereas, too many of what are called our 'respectables' seldom put the fork. You will never hear of a Frenchman cutting his throat by eating peas, as Brummell said his father and mother had both well nigh done." The quantity of new bread the French eat with their dinner is, to me, quite extraordinary—so much so, as to induce me almost to doubt Abernethy's anathema against it; but their general moderation in drinking, perhaps, balances the scales. They drink their Champagne the last thing of all,—as we say, "topping up with it," on account of its digestive properties, which, no doubt, it possesses. In fact, this wine is sadly belied; it is very aristocratic, I admit—no recommendation to it, perhaps, in these days,—and will not endure to be associated with low company. *Drunk by itself*, it is, no doubt, the most wholesome wine in the world; and it is a well-known fact, that gout is almost unknown in that part of France called Champagne. As Mr. Walker says of it, by promoting exhilaration, it promotes digestion—*ergo*, it must promote health.

Many ludicrous stories are told of the mistakes made by both Englishmen and Frenchmen, in reference to their national tastes in eating; and amongst them the following was related to me the other day in London. A Frenchman was told by one of his countrymen that he would be charmed with the London muffins. No sooner then, was he arrived in our metropolis, than he entered a shop, and bought one, which he immediately ate, in the state in which it had been drawn from the oven, perhaps on the preceding day. His disappointment may be imagined; and it was not until he tried another, which he ate in the same cold, raw state, that he was satisfied that his friend had played him a trick. I never thought I should have lived to see a man eat a raw artichoke at his breakfast; but I witnessed the fact last summer. What would some aldermen give for that French gentleman's digestion?

Conclusion.—I have now said my say on this subject; and, as Seneca tells us, it is awkward to preach to the belly, because it has no ears, it may reasonably be expected that not an ounce more nor an ounce less will be eaten in consequence of these remarks. I can only answer for myself, that, had I been intemperate in eating, other pleasures, which I am now able to indulge in, would all have been swamped in that one gratification. I should have been dyspeptic and gouty, in place of being hale and well, and equally capable of fatigue as I was twenty years back. In fact, "*'tis the pace that kills*" over a country, or over the mahogany; and there is a temperance in all things—in eating, drinking, hunting, smoking—aye, even in knowledge, and in religion.

Frazer's Magazine for April, 1837.

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* I have been more than usually shy of our soups, in all great public establishments, since I was let into the secret of the sort of Medea's cauldron in which they are oftentimes concocted, and also of some of the various ingredients of which they are composed. They are, however, of a nourishing nature; whereas, a Frenchman's soup has not even that redeeming quality. In fact, it is a strange *melange*:—

> "corpore in uno
> Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
> Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.

Varieties.

Laconic.—A few mornings since, an employer observing one of his workmen staggering about his work, accosted him with—

"What is the matter, Sam?"

"Noth—nothing, sir, only I'm *loaded!*"

"You're *discharged*, then, was the reply.

"Then of course I must *go off!*" rejoined Sam, and away he went.

Lord Rokeby's impromptu on first seeing the plaster model of a female leg in a cabinet belonging to Lady Caroline Poulett.

> How beautiful in form! how delicate!
> This *leg* displays the hand of some great master;
> And though perfection, yet were choice my fate,
> I'd choose *the* leg, ye gods! not made of plaster.

Some person asked Charles Fox what was the meaning of that passage of the psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing, like as with a garment." "The meaning," said he, "I think is clear enough—the man had a HABIT of swearing."

A young lady recently went into a dry goods store, and asked to see some silk stockings. On looking at them she inquired how high they came (meaning the price), to which the clerk—a lad just from the country—replied, "I don't exactly know, but I guess they come up to the knee!"

The cutting jests occasionally levelled by rival editors at each other would, if collected, form a very pretty duodecimo of "broad grins"—the following specimen is from the Boston Statesman:—

"We dont know whether the New Bedford people have sold their oil or not, but so long as they keep the Mercury they'll have a large stock of blubber.

Emigrant.

A member of the Massachusetts Legislature, in replying a short time since, to a brother member upon the subject of the militia bill, indulged in this choice rhetorical flourish: "The gentleman from Braintree, may drive along his old cart of discussion, with his linch-pin out, and his old rackety wheels waddling from one side to the other, but &c. &c."

Ib.

The Rev. Orrin Sikes, of Bangor, Maine, has been made to "shell out," to the tune of one hundred dollars, for neglecting to marry Miss Caroline Fuller, of Ludlow, after solemnly pledging himself to do so. We fear he has been too long in the habit of considering himself at the head of his *flock* to submit to be *fleeced* after this fashion, in any thing like a meek spirit of Christian resignation.

Ib.

One of our daily papers say that there are twenty thousand pretty women in this city who would like to get *married*. If the present pressure does not speedily abate, we fear there will be at least half that number of married ones who would like to get *fed*.

Ib.

Richard P. Robinson, "the great unhung," was recently, and probably is yet, engaged as clerk in a merchant's store, at Alton., Ill. It has been reported that he holds a commission in the Texian army, but this is a mistake. The independence of Texas is, we trust, not destined to be achieved by gentlemen of his complexion.

THE DUMB WAITER.

> I CAN not really understand,
> (Said Henry to his aunt),
> Why a dumb waiter this is called,—
> Upon my word, I can't;
> For I have heard you often say
> It *answers* very well.
> Why, then, the waiter is called *dumb*,
> I cannot think, or tell.
>
> Between you, boy, this difference know,—
> For once attention lending,—
> While without *speaking* this *attends*,
> You *speak* without *attending*.

"Do you like novels?" said Miss Languish to her up country lover. "I don't know," answered he, "for I never eat any; but I'll tell you what it is, I'm tremendous at a young 'possum."

"Were you wounded in the wars?" asked a man of a little drummer. "Oh yes, badly," replied he. "In what part were you shot?"—"O, sir, I was shot in the drum."

VERMONT JOCKEY.—A countryman from Vermont offered a horse for sale to a merchant in Boston. The merchant supposed that the fellow had procured the horse dishonestly, asked him if he knew Squire ——, of Windsor? he answered "Yes."—"Well," continued the merchant, "he is a great rascal."—"Very well," retorted the jockey, "he says the same of you." Being asked which he believed, he replied, "By hokey, I b'lieve you both."

Flagg told Finn the other day that the struggle between innholders and the temperance societies reminded him of a famous heathen festival. "What festival?" meekly inquired the Earl. "The *Jug-or-not*," was the brief reply.

Boston Morning Post.

We have heard on good authority that Major Abraham Van Buren, (son of the president) will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar, one of the accomplished daughters of Gen. Duncan L. Clinch, of Camden County, Georgia.

THE BLACKSMITH REPRESENTATIVE.—Ichabod Emmons, a blacksmith by trade, for some years represented the town of Hinsdale in the Legislature of Massachusetts. He was a man of a good deal of wit and humor, and made no little sport for the other members of the house. The Pawtucket Chronicle relates the following:—

Emmons was at times slovenly in his dress and personal appearance. On one of these occasions, a spruce, well-dressed Boston member rallied the old man upon his appearance, and asked why he did not come to the honorable house better dressed. "Do you suppose," said the old man, with the utmost gravity, "that I am going to wear my best clothes here in Boston?" The effect was irresistable.

BOWING TO THE LADIES.—A volume on Etiquette recently published, has the following:—

"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if *you* bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if *she* bow to *you*—you, *as a gentleman, cannot cut her.*"

Well, for a *vade mecum* of politeness—a standard work on Etiquette, the above is exceedingly droll, and transposes our antediluvian ideas of civility. Our dancing master, when he first taught us to turn out our toes and go through the mazes of the *Chassez*—the *Dos-a-dos*, &c. &c., to make our bow on entering the ball room, and on going out always added by way of episode:—"mind sair you civilite to jour to de ladi—pull off vetre chapeau ven you seedem, and put on your gloves when you stand up pour la cotillion." General Washington, who was a perfect Chesterfield, returned the salutation of an old colored gentleman in the streets by taking off his hat, saying to a friend who remonstrated: "You would not desire to see a black man excel me in politeness." No lady ought to speak to a gentleman first, unless, indeed, they are on the most friendly terms; no lady should put herself in a position to be cut by a gentleman, *if* a gentleman could be guilty of such rudeness. A ball room acquaintance, a partner in a dance, a slight acquaintance of an evening at the drawing room, it may not be desirable to cultivate or encourage beyond a mere bow of recognition, which no *lady* refuses to return. Civility must never be misconstrued, and if a gentleman presumes upon a courteous recognition to be familiar, a lady's self-respect and dignity will point out the remedy. Graciousness, condescension, courtesy and amiability, are all bright gems in a lady's deportment, which give lustre to virtue. Pride, stiffness, and hauteur are thorns on the opening rose.

N.Y. Star.

PURITY OF ELECTIONS.—"How much did they give a vote in your town?" asked one of the free and independent electors of Newry, addressing himself to one of the Downpatrick *pot wollopers*.

"We were paid well when it came to the last tug," was the reply; "I got ten pounds for my vote."

"Ten pounds!" said the Newry man, contemptuously—"and they put you off with that?"

"Why, what did *you* get?" demanded the citizen of Down, with great earnestness.

"We got every man of us a puncheon of whiskey!" replied the elector of Newry.

"Powers of justice!" exclaimed the Downpatrick burgher, in a burst of virtuous indignation—"Powers of justice! we have been robbed out of our face!"

English Paper.

A Parisian robber, who was seized in the act of stealing in the shop of a tobacconist, by way of excusing himself said—that he never heard of a law which forbade a man to *take snuff*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1837.

BULLETIN FROM THE FAR WEST.

JACKSON COUNTY, (Ark.) May 8, 1837.

DEAR P.,—I write this from the clerk's table.—Court is in session, and sundry democrats are being tried for "betting on the roulette." The sovereigns swear we live in an anti-republican government. They say if a man can't *fight* and *play cards*, they don't know what he will do when his *crop is laid by* and *hunting season* is out of date. One chunk of a fight, right under the judge's nose.—He put it to them for a cool fifty each. They are divided into *clans*, and the war-whoop of either brings hundreds to his aid. A "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," with leisure on his hands, could gather amusing *food* here. I witnessed a fight to-day; there was a real *ring-tail roarer* snorting and cavorting, perfectly *wolfish* about the head and shoulders;—he run against a snag. The war-cry arose, and he found himself in a hornet's nest, and thereupon flung his hat, "and foaming fled the fight."

They sigh for the good old days of Adam and Eve—when they paid no taxes, had no *jackasses* of the peace, and could fight when they pleased, get drunk when they pleased, and take a quiet game of *old sledge* on a *bear skin* when it suited them. But tempora mutant and *the sovereigns are changed with them.* To-night they will have a big frolic—a perfect stag-dance. I hear one of them now singing—

"Rack back, Davy, Daddy shot a bear,
Shot him in the tail, and never *toch* a hair."

If "Pete" was here, he could give you a perfect "scrowger;" but he is too busy in his election.

A few words touching the late race between *Independence* and *Sir William.* Independence is an unlucky horse; on any other turf the race was his. Capt. TUNSTALL has offered to run the race over for $2000 a-side, which the friends of Sir William declined. He has made an inside stake of $2000 on the three mile day, over the Batesville course, at the next Fall meeting. He names Noland & Tunstall's b. f. *Charline*, 4 yrs. old, by Pacific, dam by Greytail Florizel. John Loffard names b. h. *Sir William*, by Sir William, aged. $1000 ft.

The absence of one of the owners of *Volcano* has delayed a reply to a letter of Mr. BRADFUTE, a copy of which has been published in your paper. I am authorised by the owners of Volcano to say, that Mr. Bradfute has misunderstood Capt. Tunstall's proposition as regards the time when the matches should come off. They, however, make the following propositions:—

They will run the following colts:—s. c. *Little Red*, by Volcano, dam Zephyr, full sister to Coahoma; b. c. *Patoka*, by Volcano, dam Ione, by Whip; br. c. *Bob Crittenden*, by Volcano, dam by Stockholder; s. c. *Lycurgus*, by Volcano, dam Rebecca, by Polafox, all of them three years old in the Spring of 1838; to be three races—one of mile heats, one of two mile heats, and one of three mile heats, one thousand dollars a-side, half forfeit; to name any one of the colts for either of the races—no winning colt to start for another race,—to come off over the Nashville (Tenn.) course on the week of the Jockey Club races in the Fall of 1838, against four colts, the get of Merlin, of the same age. The owners of *Merlin* to name their colts, and deposite a certificate of the cashier of one of the Nashville banks for the forfeit with HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., of Nashville, on or before the 15th day of August next, when the owners of Volcano will either deposite a check for the amount with Mr. Kirkman, or send to him a certificate of deposite from the cashier of the Batesville Branch of the State Bank of Arkansas. Arkansas claims Tennessee *in part* for her mother, "and is willing to test her blood."

The owners of Volcano have named four colts, inasmuch as they have to travel a long distance to "Merlin,"—with this disadvantage, and the still greater one that Volcano has not three colts of that age from *thorough-bred mares*; he still is willing to stand up to his *fodder, rack or no rack.*

Truly yours, N.

PETE WHETSTONE AGAIN.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED RIVER, (Ark.) May 15, 1837.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have had fun of the right sort; Jim Cole gave a fellow hell—I'll tell you how it was. Lawyer McCampbell sent word to Little Rock that if they didn't do something for him, he was a *gone 'coon.* Soon as they got the letter, they writes to Fayetteville to lawyer McK. *Blue-belly*, telling him he must bring in some fellows from *Benton county.* This being arranged, they sent over *Coffee-vault* to see how the *thing* was working. Well, now, last Saturday, at the muster, he and Jim Cole came together. Jim told him that the Devil Fork boys didn't want any chaps from *Chapel Hill Township* to come and tell them how to vote. Says he,—"I have hearn tell of you fellows on *Cravat Creek*, and I know if Pete goes to the Rock, he won't *steal checks* from a *faro bank.*" I guess *Coffee-vault* turned mighty pale, for *he* is the *chap* what brung in the "*beef bones* for the *pure ivory*" on old Asa last year, when the Legislature was in session. So says he, "Mr. Cole, if you mean me, you are a liar." The next minute Jim was on him like a duck on a June bug, and in less than no time made him sing out.

I just want to get hold of lawyer McCampbell—I'll make him think a buffalo bull has horned him. He has put out a circular—I know it was made at the Rock—*Thieving Talleyrand, preposterous Buck and Pukee, of cow-hided memory*, wrote it for him. Here is a copy:—

"To the Democratic Citizens of Devil's Fork—Fellow citizens,—The attack made upon me by Pete Whetstone calls for a few remarks. All great men have their enemies; how, then, can I hope to escape? Pete asks who I am: I will give him my history. I was born of democratic parents—I was brought up democratically—the democratic State of Virginia gave me birth—I moved to the democratic State of Missouri, and now live in the democratic State of Arkansas. I have ruined a good constitution in the great cause of democracy. Pete Whetstone is an aristocrat,—yes, he was in favor of the United States Bank. And if such men as Pete had have administered the government, instead of the 'Hero of Orleans, and the savior of his country,' why, what would have been the consequence? I'll tell you what you would see: why, the same distress and derangement in money matters that you witnessed eight years ago;—you would have seen rail-road banks put down—yes, fellow citizens, it took the democracy to learn the people to bank without specie capital. Look at the results—New Orleans is in a most flourishing condition, so is New York, and all the other big cities; cotton is worth 18 cents, and every kind of produce is high; the banks have confidence in each other, and so have the merchants in them all. Eight years ago, when that vile institution, the United States Bank, had full sway, these very cities were almost bankrupt; nobody would receive its notes, and cotton could scarcely be given away. Such are the fruits of democracy. And because I am an advocate of those immortal principles, will you desert me? I have stood side by side with the great Tom Benton,—I have fought the good fight in company with Wm. C. Rives, Amos Kendall, Frank Blair, and Reuben Whitney. All that story about Benton and the cravat, and Whitney and the treasury, is false. They are innocent, persecuted men. The enemies of General Jackson abuse them just to hurt his feelings; that is the reason they abuse me.

"Can Pete Whetstone frame a law?—I guess not. Look at my digest—(though that story about the stray law coming under the head of *Judicial proceedings* is rather agin me, I confess)—aint that a nice book? Vote against me and you show yourselves enemies to General Jackson."

Well, now, the lawyer beats hell amazingly. All that are stuff about the banks is lies. Nobody won't take rail-road money, and I saw right in the last paper where most everybody in Orleans was broke. Now I have hearn people from North Carolina say, that "Tom Benton learnt a curious fashion of *wearing a stiff cravat* while he was at college."

I'll catch the lawyer at the doggery next Saturday, and I'll try him on the stump. I have got three or four newspapers laid by, and I'll prove him a *liar* right before all the people. Now, I don't know much about *banks*, but I do know that these *democrats* are always mighty *hungry* after *notes* with *Nick Biddle's* name on them, In haste, ever yours,

PETE WHETSTONE.

THE CANADIAN SPORTING WORLD.

MONTREAL, L. C., May 22, 1837.

My Dear Sir—Having at last a leisure moment, I hasten to scribble a line or two to you, in order to prevent your executing your abominable threat of publishing my first scrawl, even though "private," was written most legibly in its heading. You ask me to become a regular correspondent of the Spirit of the Times. I have myself no absolute objection now and then to assist in filling your columns; but how flat and unprofitable my communications would look when in *juxta position* with the interesting correspondence of "B," (who by the bye, writes much in the style of NIMROD—don't you think so?) or "N." *cum multis aliis*, who weekly afford your readers a treat as well intellectual as amusing. *Eh bien*, it will be your own fault; however, by way of consolation, I beg to mention that I will always pay postage.

Montreal is, as usual, very dull, particularly in the sporting way, and now, owing to the commercial distress, nothing is to be seen but merchants with long faces, duns with still longer phizzes, and lawyers with the longest and most rueful countenances of all. People are really so poor that they absolutely cannot afford even to sue!—awful times amongst the Mackintoshes!! By-the-way, we did have a summut in the sporting way, no less than a real ring fight—to the evil example of the King's lieges, and against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity. In order to give you some idea of this turn-up between the two gentlemen of the ring, I must mention that one of them, Mr. JAMES PHELAN, arrived here about three weeks since, and instantly there appeared several huge placards announcing the arrival of the American pugilist, who had fought numerous battles and had come to Canada to train for a fight with JAMES REID. A few days after, a Mr. JOHN BRITTON, from Liverpool, arrived, and in like manner posted up his bills, giving Phelan the *lie* relative to his pretended training for a fight with Reid, and offering to fight him for love or money. This highly gratifying proposal Phelan accepted, and preliminaries being arranged, they met at the Tanneries, about three miles from Montreal, when took place the memorable

FIGHT.

Britton who—*entre parenthèse*—is a native of the Green Isle, arrived first on the ground, with Big Charley, (otherwise John Charles), the *big* drummer of the 32d Regt., a bit of a sparring character himself, as his second. Red was his color, and when he threw his castor into the ring he appeared to be pretty confident. Phelan tossed his cap with equal confidence, and was accompanied by Needham, also a pugilistic boy in the small way; he was togged up in green. On entering the ropes Phelan was to all intents and purposes the better man in appearance—his build was good, and I should say that he must have weighed at least two stone heavier than Britton.

First Round.—After much figuring, for I will not call it sparring, Britton succeeded in planting a left-hander on the side of Phelan's neck, which Phelan returned in his adversary's mouth—a close followed, when Britton threw his man, falling with him. First blood (from the mouth) was claimed by Phelan.

Second Round.—Time called; Britton was first up, and both went to work pretty cautiously, Phelan gave first, after a feint, a pretty good blow on his antagonist's neck—a second blow was well stopped by Britton, who returned his adversary's *coup* with interest; they fought to the ropes, and both went down, Britton under.

Third Round.—Britton up first again, and in this round had decidedly the advantage, one blow on the side evidently sickening Phelan, who fell with him.

Fourth Round—Changed matters wonderfully for the worse for the Patlander, Phelan, though last up from his second's knee, seemed determined to do at once, and put in a tremendous hit on Britton's left temple, which gashed like a razor—here Britton attempted to counter another blow, and bending his head, received two blows on the back part of it, and went down, clinching Phelan however, and most foolishly, as he of course fell heavily on him.

Fifth, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th Rounds were all alike in favor of Phelan, who had all his own way, and knew it, if one could judge from his manner and monkey gestures and tricks which he played off, as well as from the blows he put in.

Tenth Round.—Britton was here up first, as he was in every round, and at once went in gamely to his man, but his blows, well directed as they were, could not tell, as he was apparently too weak to put in a blow, and was well hit down by a neck blow.

Eleventh Round.—A mere wrestling match—both down—Phelan uppermost.

Twelfth Round.—Britton first up again, and Phelan exposing his face with a most disgusting grimace; Britton struck him a blow, which had the poor devil been only in strength, would have stopped Master Phelan's mug for some time, as well as won the battle. Phelan here went well up, and struck his man down.

After this round Charley declared that Mr. Britton admitted Phelan was the better man, and Phelan throwing a somerset, which confirmed me in my previously formed opinion, that he had been brought up in a circus, was declared the winner, and ended his day by saying that he would fight Britton's second on the same ground—an empty boast, as Charley is a man of 43 years of age, and being a soldier could not fight him. Now, with regard to the combatants.—Britton should never enter a ring; he cannot spar, and has not the slightest judgment or science as to sparring. Had my old friend Fuller been present, I verily believe he would have jumped into the ring and thrashed them both out of it. Phelan is a well built, courageous little fellow, and with drilling may become a good boxer, but he must be more cautious; be dressed more tidily, and above all, leave off grimacing and playing antic tricks when he next fights; he hits well, and you might as well beat a barn door as his nob—he never moves a muscle when struck. On the whole it was a poor affair; Phelan can thrash two such men as Britton one after the other before dinner, and then masticate as well as ever. It was however a novelty to the Jean Baptistes, who had never seen the signs of a real set-too before, and to give you an idea of their thoughts on the subject, I was stopped by two in the street, whom I knew, and who thus accosted me—

"*Mais, mon Dieu! Mr. ———, est ce vrai que deux sacrés Anglais veulent se battre aujourd'hui pour rien?*"

"*Oui, et la bataille aura lieu après midi.*"

"*Y allez vous José?*" "*Eh, mon Dieu, il faut y aller; on dit que les Anglais se battent comme des cocquedindes!*"

Should Phelan fight with Dragon, a barber here, who I believe is anxious to have a set-to with him, we shall have a better fight than the last.

In the racing way we have nothing novel. The King's Plate, I believe will be run for at Quebec. I wish that some of your sporting men would take pity on us and visit our Fall races in September with their stables. We shall be even content to be beaten by them on our own ground. However, we have a good nag to beat in "*Rival*" which run *Post Boy* on Long Island. Our Course is beautiful, and has cost its enterprising proprietor, Mr. BENAIAH GIBB, no less a sum than $30,000—no trifle for Canada, I assure you. Your agent, who by the same token, is a very gentlemanly man, was introduced to me on the Course; he was much pleased with it. I am afraid that we shall not soon have the good old days of General BARNUM, when with *Cock of the Rock* (a good horse, and I see still covering at the South) we received a yearly visit from him, until that knowing 'un, SHARP, with *Sir Walter*, carried the day. Then one American friend did visit us, but now even the great son of the West, PHILO C. BUSH, who came on and was beaten here (with *Daniel O'Connell*) has deserted us.—In fact, I am afraid you are all inclined to play the part of the Frenchman's dog with us—"When you call him, vy he vont come." In a word, if you do come, or any of you, you shall receive a hearty welcome.

I send you herewith a list of the Officers of the Montreal Turf Club for the ensuing year. The Moose Hunt I will send you by a friend.

I am, dear sir, yours, A CANADIAN TURFMAN.

MONTREAL TURF CLUB, 1837.

JOHN CLARKE, Esquire, of Beaver Lodge, President.
GEORGE W. AUBREY, Esquire, of Monklands, Vice President.

STEWARDS.

John B. Forsyth, Esq.	Robert Weir, Jun, Esq.
Pierre E. Leclere, Esq.	—— ———, 1st Royal Regt.
Aaron P. Hart, Esq.	—— ———, " "

JOHN JONES, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer.
THOMAS W. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Clerk of the Course.
Races—1st Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday in September.

NEW YORK THEATRICAL CRITICISMS.

There have appeared of late in some of our city prints, many articles touching theatres and professional gentlemen of the sock and buskin, which bear such evident marks of being written by strangers to our theatrical establishments, and strangers even to this community and its sentiments, that we feel it somewhat incumbent on ourselves to vindicate the course pursued by us, in common with most other editors, towards that portion of the corps dramatique sufficiently meritorious to elicit notice or criticism. It is proverbial of a New York audience, that no where else do actors meet with a more hearty reception on their first appearance. The spectators patiently listen and see—then judge, and condemn or commend. So is it with the press, and from this *first* decision there is no appeal, and seldom is it wrong. If the actor be of sufficient calibre to make an impression, his rank is fixed at once, and he commences a season of popularity, which though slow in its growth, is always exactly commensurate to his efforts to improve. A person of any talent cannot desire a fairer field, or more indulgent judges. Now we have supposed it the peculiar duty of the press to announce the judgment of the audience on a first appearance, and *thereafter* to take the matter somewhat into their keeping, and to watch, and encourage, and correct the aspirant during his upward course, taking his first attempt as the minimum of his powers, and considering his rank thus established as a thing settled and perfectly understood by all parties. As the weeks roll on, we see this and that said of a certain actor, and whether it be praise or rebuke, we understand it, as always having reference to the rank awarded on his first appearance, and as he falls short of, or excels that, is he always judged, without reference to his comparative merit with his competitors.

Thus we often warmly commend the acting of a part when in the hands of a novice—or the timid or stupid, which it would be rank heresy to do, if the same were personated by the experienced and gifted. The slightest effort on the part of Mr. Mason to pourtray the "sensible Benedict," is received not only with acknowledgments, but gratitude, while we should condemn in toto any omission of exertion or carelessness, were Charles Kemble enacting the same. So with Miss Tree's Beatrice. Who could forgive her did she fail to make it the very perfection of her art—yet in another but a tithe of her grace and spirit meets with our heartiest commendations. Most of our theatrical criticisms are based on the principle of letting every tub stand on its own bottom, knowing that the artist will sink or swim only as he surpasses or falls short of himself. The relative rank of each individual actor is a thing as well known to this theatre-going community as their names, and therefore our *citizens* never misapprehend the casual notices in the prints. But a stranger arrives among us—he attends the theatre, and next day picks up a paper and observes this and that actor lauded, and another condemned. It is all Greek to him. He exclaims "how is this?—am I so green—I can see a barn door by day light, and by heavens they are abusing one of their best actors and crying up a dolt." The stranger is right because he judges by comparing the actors among themselves—yet the critique is right also, but on a different principle of estimation. But the philanthropic stranger cannot witness such apparent injustice—he calls, like Fanny Kemble, for "pen, ink, and paper." An article is indited—perhaps a sensible one, and with which all the town coincides. It is printed, and read, and *forgotten*, for no one is the better or wiser. All but the amiable stranger are in *statu quo*—but he, poor man, is congratulating himself on having done his duty, and set the town to rights on a subject before entirely misapprehended, and is all the time wondering why the devil the ungrateful dogs, whose relative claims he has so ably and enthusiastically settled, do not make some manifestation of their gratitude and appreciation of his honest and generous endeavors. Kind soul, you have told neither the town nor the actors any thing new, you have only committed a blunder, in mistaking the principle of New York criticisms, and wasted more ink and generous impulse than most men are willing to bestow on a subject of some importance.

THE PARK.—As we predicted on Saturday morning last, RITCHING's benefit on the same evening was one of those compliments which an honest man and good actor never fails to receive from our citizens. For these times, the house was very great, and at any time would have been creditable to the beneficiary.—Miss CLIFTON was the toast for the evening, appearing in the character of *Beatrice*, which Miss Tree has made so peculiarly her own. She surely must be a bold woman who attempts this, so immediately after its triumphant personation by the most spirited and graceful of her sex. However, Miss Clifton's reception during the evening could have given her no cause of regret that such had been her selection. The house was in fine spirits—the cast was new—Abbot playing Benedict—and the whole went off with great eclat.

On Monday the KEELEY's commenced their last engagement. They are, and ever must be, most decided favorites with us all. Unfortunately they offer so little variety, and so few novelties, that the houses have been rather shy, and will probably continue so until their benefits are announced, when we may safely promise them that they will be made to know the true appreciation in which they are held by this community. Few, if any individuals, have ever appeared among us, who will carry away with them warmer wishes for their happiness, and more substantial tokens of admiration than this little couple of drolls—the Keeleys. In their way they are both of them unequalled, and wholly inimitable. They can command at home, we well know, a high salary and permanent engagements, but we hope this will not prevent them from visiting our shores now and then, where they will receive such welcome as *they* know the true value of.—Joy go with them, and Heaven bless them.

CELESTE is in town, and will soon play her farewell engagement at the Bowery. The Baltimore Patriot of last Saturday has the following paragraph in relation to her:—

Notwithstanding "the panic, the pressure," and the intense heat of the weather, this distinguished lady had a brilliant and overflowing benefit last evening. At an early period of the evening the house was crowded in all parts, and we never remember to have seen more beauty and fashion than honored the theatre to witness the last appearance of this amiable lady; indeed, the houses throughout her engagement have been excellent, and we doubt if either of our sister cities could produce the same receipt that Celeste has drawn during the present week. At the termination of the performances a loud and universal call was made for Celeste. The curtain at last drew up, and discovered the lady attended by the Stage-manager. As soon as quiet was obtained, she spoke thus:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Being about to visit Europe, I appear before you for the last time, to acknowledge with a grateful heart all the kindness which has been so abundantly extended towards me throughout this happy country. Having received brilliant offers from London and Paris, to represent the principal character in a new Opera, by Auber, I am desirous of once more beholding my dear, dear France. After performing transient engagements in England and France, it is my intention to make the tour of Europe, and then return and reside permanently in this, my adopted country. Baltimore will be my future resting-place. Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish I could speak English well, then would you know how a French girl loves America with all her heart—how eternal is the gratitude which is entwined around the remembrance of your kindness—but 'tis needless—you know full well, she whom you have honored must *cease to be* e'er she can cease to remember. Your patronage has enabled me at an early age to retire from the troubled scenes of public life—the recollection of which will be to me like an eternal sunshine of the heart, which neither distance, cloud, nor time can obliterate.—Ladies and Gentlemen, God bless you—let me live in your remembrance and esteem. Ah! do not entirely forget one, who, while she lives, will never cease to love her American friends. Though my lips utter—my heart doth not own—FAREWELL.

We marked the following for insertion with great pleasure, but it has been some how or other overlooked. The "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," couldn't have been more upon the *qui vive* for "old Jack" than for his wife and charming daughter. For our own part we are much obliged to his vigilance in taking care of all three.

The Barnes's.—Mr. Barnes had taken berths in the Ben Sherrod for himself wife and daughter, and sent the baggage on board, but from some cause, was induced to remove it to the steamboat Ambassador, thus verifying the lines—

"There is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And keeps watch for the life of *old Jack.*"

Not the first time "ould Jack" like to have "put his foot in it." He had taken passage from this port in the Liverpool packet ship *Albion*, a few years since, for himself and family—his baggage was on board, and the vessel in the stream under weigh, when Mr. PRICE, the co-manager of the Park theatre, finding that by Barnes' engagement, he had a claim to his services for a week more, insisted upon his fulfilling it, whereat Jack swore, and at length withdrew his luggage, grumbling all the while at Price's obstinacy in refusing to let him off, and his own hard luck. The Albion left the port, was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, and the captain, crew, and every passenger but one perished!

MATCHES AT THE NORTH.

We alluded in our last to several matches that were proposed at the Club table on Friday week last, at the close of the meeting, on the Union Course, L. I. After considerable bantering three or four matches were closed, the most important of which is one between *Charlotte Russe*, of South Carolina, and *Lady Cliffden*, of Virginia, for $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft.—to run four mile heats over the Camden Course, opposite Philadelphia, at the ensuing Fall Meeting. The owners of neither of these superb animals were present, but their friends "took the responsibility" of naming them.

A match for $5000 a-side, h. ft., Mile heats, was at the same time concluded between Mr. J. B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam, by Hickory, 3 yrs., and Col. John Heth's gr. f. *Gift*, by Greybeard, dam by Sir Charles, same age, to come off over the Union Course, L. I., Second Fall meeting.

Several matches were got up between the owners of trotting cattle, *sub rosa*, that we shall, at a proper time notiee at length. We do not feel at liberty to speak of several other matches made and offered on the same occasion between race nags and bits of blood on the road.

Match in Kentucky.—A correspondent writes us under date of May 27th, from Greensburg, Ky., that a match for $300, Two mile heats, has been concluded between Messrs. Creel and Anderson, to come off over that course on Wednesday, 11th Oct., the day previous to the match between *Robert Burns* and *Ben Duncan*.

Ben. L. Creel names *Waxetta*, by Waxy, out of Flora, by Kennedy's Diomed, 3 yrs.
Edward Anderson names s. c. ——, by Waxy, dam by Mattiponi, 3 yrs.

Awful vs. *Peggy Madee.*—The match between these good ones, that came off over the Centreville Course on the 29th ult., three mile heats, in harness, for $500, was won easily by Awful, Peggy having notions in her head that somewhat abated the fleetness of her heels, as HAINES says. Awful has lately been advertised for sale in this paper; his price has recently advanced, we hear. He is matched against *Screwdriver* this Fall for $2000.

Hunting Park Trotting Course.—It will be seen from an advertisement on the last page, that several purses and sweepstakes will be trotted for next week, over this course, commencing on Tuesday. The horses this week at Trenton, and several others from New-York, will no doubt be in attendance, and the prospect of a good meeting and fine sport is very fair.

Extract from the "Herald," Columbus, Georgia.

"The following note from '*O'Kelly*,' taken also from The Spirit of the Times, indicates that we might have had fine sport over our turf, between *Miss Medley* and *Hickory John*, if the mare had not changed hands. But she has gone—gone out of the State—gone farther South, where we hope, and have no doubt, she will gather fresh laurels. We are sorry Miss Medley has been sold, for we do candidly believe that she is able to beat Hickory John, and should like, above all things, to witness a contest between them. But it can never be, and consequently, all *banters* are lost to both parties."

Will the "Herald" inform us to whom *Miss Medley* has been disposed of, and whether $6000 was really the figure? We can make a shrewd "guess" for what express purpose she has been purchased to "go farther South," but then one likes to know, you know. Flare up!

The Hampton Course, John Bascombe, etc.

A gentleman who recently visited the splendid establishment just named at Augusta, Ga., writes us that it will be completed in season for the Fall meeting in December. From the drawing that accompanies our correspondent's letter, we should imagine very few courses in the Union would compare with "the Hampton" in beauty of location, and elegance of arrangement. It is eliptical in form, the straight run in front (an exact quarter of a mile) bordering on the Savannah river, while the second semi-circle, (of the same length,) intersects at right angles with Broad-street. At the extreme end of this street, adjoining the track, will be a superb arched gate, down an avenue on the left of which is a fine grove of evergreens, where arbors will be erected. About 150 yards from the gate (inside) will be put up a fine three storied house, with parlors, billiard-rooms, etc., for the accommodation of parties. This house will stand immediately in front of the large entrance gate, thus commanding a fine view of the course, Broad-street, and the river. The public track is 60 feet wide all the way around, and enclosed; inside of this, railed in four feet high on each side, is a very superior training track, 40 feet wide all around. Exactly opposite the centre of the track, and between it and the river, is the Judges' Stand; to the right, and in line with it, stands the Club house, a handsome structure, two stories high. In the centre of the field are two large and beautiful live oak trees; should they obstruct the view, they will be cut down. The plan of the buildings and track is taken from one given in the 3d volume of the London Sporting Magazine; the effect of the whole, when completed, will be magnificent, as neither labor nor expense will be spared in fitting them up. When completed, we shall feel obliged if the proprietors, Messrs. LACY & GLASCOCK, will send us a correct and spirited miniature drawing for publication.

A word or two for "the Southern Champion," *John Bascombe*. A neat stable has been erected for him at the Hampton Course, in the style of poor *Henry's*, on Long Island. It is prettily painted, and surmounted with his name; underneath is written in gilt letters—"*Four mile* heat, 7:44." Bascombe has had 56 in his seraglio, and has 25 more engaged, at $100 each. Some of them are of fine blood, and there are several highly distinguished on the turf, such as Lady Nashville, Bolivia, John Randolph's Angelica, etc.

Hickory John, our friend writes, is improving in his foot, and with Mr. WINTER's two imported Tramp fillies, will take the field at the Fall campaign. Mr. MORRISON's stable will be stronger than ever; he has several in training, including Kite, Southerner, Sally Vandyke, Target, and Mary Cooper.

Our correspondent concludes with the following anecdotes:—

Musical Performance.—A man by the name of *Time* having some difficulty with a man by the name of Isaac Call, the latter threatened to chastise the former, to which he replied, that although it might be a muse-I-*cal* (musical) performance, yet he had a serious objection to the beating of *time*.

Not so bad.—A diminutive man by the name of *Bond* falling in company with a second John Lambert, named *Sample*, who thinking to have some sport with his new acquaintance, the following dialogue ensued:—"Pray," said Mr. Bond, "what might your name be, if I may be so bold?" at the same time viewing him with an eye of wonder. The other replied, "My name is John Sample."—"And pray what State, Sir, are you from?"—"I am from the State of Pennsylvania," said Sample. Bond shrewdly observed, "Pennsylvania must be a very large State if he was a *sample* of it." "Now, Sir," said Sample, "pray what is your name, and where are you from?"—"My name is Thomas Bond, from Maryland." Sample then replied, "it was a good thing he was from that State, as in his State they would not take such a *bond* without first-rate security."

MONTGOMERY (Ala.) SPRING RACES

Commenced on the 16th May, and continued four days. The Officers announced in their advertisement that "the money will be hung up in cash on each day," but they omitted to state the amount, unfortunately. We have made up the best report we could from one that appeared in the Columbus (Ga.) Herald, and data furnished by correspondents.

TUESDAY, May 16, 1837.—Purse $500, free for all ages; 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs., 3lbs. being allowed m.'s and g.'s. Three mile heats.

Col. John Blevins' ch. f. *Glance*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose (John Bascombe's dam) by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	1	1
John M. Vance's s. m. *Jane Lamar*, by Reynold's Contention, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	2	2
Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's b. h. *Paul Clifford*, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.	3	dr

Time, 6:02—6:05. *Track twenty yards over a mile.*

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—Purse $300, free for all; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Peter B. Starke's ch. f. *Parele Blevins*, (or Miss Blevins,) by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee, 4 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Everitt's b. c. *Rodney*, by Stockholder, dam by Top-Gallant, 4 yrs.	2	2

Time, 4:02—3:58. Track 20 yards over a mile.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Purse $200, free for all; weights as before. Mile heats.

Col. John Blevins' ch. m. *Lady Hayneville*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.	1	1
Col. Bell's b. c. *Daniel Boone*, by Bertrand, out of Gopher, 4 yrs.	2	dis
Mr. Everitt's br. m. *Mary Wise*, by Stockholder, dam not given, 5 yrs.	3	dis

Time not given.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Purse about $150, (being the entrance money of the previous days) same conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. John Blevins' ch. f. *Glance*, (pedigree above), 4 yrs.	0	1	1	1
P. B. Starke's ch. f. *Parele Blevins*, " " 4 yrs.	0	2	2	dr

Time, 1:54—1:52—1:58.

TRENTON SECOND SPRING MEETING.

EAGLE COURSE, NEW JERSEY.

TUESDAY, June 6, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, the get of Busiris; colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Sub. $200 each, P. P. 4 subs. Mile heats.

J. Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac	1	1
S. Leiper's br. c. by Busiris, dam not given	3	2
S. Laird's (Mr. Kelly's) ch. c. by Busiris, dam not given	2	3

Time, 1:56½ each heat.

A Second Sweepstakes, open for this day, did not fill.

WEDNESDAY, June 7.—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 101—5, 114—6, 121—aged 126lbs. Two mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Dosoris*, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam. 4 y. [*John Hartman*]	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.	2	2
Robt. L. Stevens' s. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, 6 yrs.	3	dis
A. Ivins' ch. h. *Jesse Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs.	4	dis
D. Toms' ch. c. *Nathan*, by Imp. Valentine, dam not given, 4 yrs.	5	dis

Time, 3:49—3:45

A capital race. Dosoris led the first heat from end to end, and won the 2d from Atalanta by a neck only, after a tremendous brush.

SAME DAY—*Trotting.*—Purse $200, Two mile heats, in Harness. Weight, 147lbs. on each.

George Spicer's gr. g. *Washington*	2	1	1
Peter Wheelan's br. m. *Mountain Sylph*	1	2	2
Mr. Bartine's bl. g. *Norman Leslie*	3	3	dr

Time, 5:42¼—5:42—5:29.

THURSDAY, June 8.—Purse $400, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. William R. Johnson's ch. f. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. [*Gil Patrick*]	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' br. h. *Tarquin*, by Henry, out of Ostrich, 6 yrs.	3	2
John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Bonny Black*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.	4	dr
Charles C. Pearsall's ch. h. *Reindeer*, own brother to Alice Gray, 6 yrs.	2	dis
D. Toms' ch. h. ——, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	dis	
Jas. B. Kendall's *Camsidel* was entered. but was	dr	

Time, 6:00—5:54. Track heavy.

Camsidell was drawn to-day to be entered in the race of four mile heats; this circumstance weakened the field, and Mary Blunt was backed heavily against it at odds. She won the first heat with something to spare in hand from Reindeer, the two having singled themselves out and ran a match for it, nothing else making a stroke. The second was better contested. Tarquin made strong running from end to end, though his trainer thought he pulled up lame after the first heat. Bonny Black being amiss, was at that time drawn. The betting being almost dollars to cents on Mary Blunt for the race, a good deal of money was laid out about Tarquin and Reindeer, the former being the favorite. Tarquin cut out the work for two miles and a half, when Mary Blunt bade Reindeer good bye, and collared him. After a sharp rally, the favorite of the Old Dominion came in front, and won easily, Tarquin a long way off, and Reindeer nowhere.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Three subs. at $500 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

John R. Thompson's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace...[*Gil Patrick*]	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. c. *African*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand	3	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse	2	3

Time, 4:03—3:53. Track heavy.

A pretty good race, won handily by accident. In the course of the morning we saw each backed against the field. Bergen led off the first heat, was never caught, and won in hand, the others pulling up within the distance. Master Henry was badly ridden and worse managed; threw away the first heat, though he could not have won the race, as Bergen was in tip top condition, and African about right. African pulled to the field throughout the heat, but Master Henry played fast and loose, and looked as if he had the race in hand. After Bergen won the first heat, Master Henry was the favorite for the second, and African for the purse. The latter's saddle girths were drawn so tight in the first heat as to contract his stride; in the second, after John Hartman got up, Mr. Stevens had them loosened, and the consequence was that the saddle slipped so, that it was impossible for John to govern him, having his hands full to hold on. Master Henry led off the second heat at a rattling pace, but Bergen challenged at the half mile post, and outfooted him up to the stand. Here John gave African his head, and the pace mended; but being unable to reach the horse with his spurs, and afraid to use his whip hand, Bergen could not be caught. Bergen gained an easy victory, African coming in second, with the saddle on his neck, Master Henry third, and pretty well up.

SAME DAY—*Trotting.*—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

C. S. Bartine's br. h. *John Caldwell*	1	1	2	1
A. Conklin's br. g. *Baltimore*	3	2	1	2
C. Shannon's s. g. *Standard*	2	3	dis	

Time, 2:49—2:45—2:46—2:47.

John Caldwell, when his want of condition is considered, made a very capital trot. He is a brown stallion of fine size, but not near so showy or handsome a horse as the brown gelding Baltimore, who fell overboard from the steamboat, coming from that city, which "dire mishap by flood," was of little advantage to him in the "field" to-day. Standard was sold before the race for $500, but the officer, in the distance stand, was obliged to lower his flag on him the 3d heat. Caldwell won without much difficulty, making good time for the track, which, owing to a storm of rain, that lasted nearly all the forenoon, was heavy.

FRIDAY, June 9.—Citizens' Purse $700, ent. $25; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs. [*Jack*]	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson, by Rattler, 4 yrs.	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidell*, by Industry, out of Arethusa, by Sir Hal, 6 yrs.	3	dis

Time, 7:51¼—8:05. Track heavy.

Mingo led off at a racing pace from the score—was never headed, and won easily, hard in hand. Previous to the start the odds were 100 to 75 on Lady Cliffden against the field.

The second heat he won like open and shut, distancing Camsidel, while Lady Cliffden only saved her's by a few lengths. He never had "the kink" out of his neck in any part of the race. The track was a little heavy from the rain of yesterday. An immense crowd were in attendance to grace Mingo's triumph; when he came in the 2d heat the cheers were enthusiastic.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, by Oscar, 4 yrs. [*John Hartman*]	5	1	1
Mr. Rowlett's (Mr. Potter's) ch. f. *Molly*, by Henry, out of Modesty, 4 yrs.	4	3	2
C. S. Lloyd's gr. m. *Moss Rose*, by Lance, dam by Hickory, aged.	1	5	dr
Mr. Leary's (D. Abbott's) ch. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, dam by Revenge, 5 yrs.	2	2	dis
A. Ivins' ch. h. *Jesse Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs.	3	4	dis

Time, 1:52—1:54—1:57.

A very pretty race; Moss Rose and Sheperdess made the running the 1st heat, and were severally backed against the field. Moss Rose won the heat by six inches. Henry Moore took it up the 2d and 3d heats—led from end to end in each, and won in a canter.

SAME DAY—*Trotting.*—Purse $200, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Harvey Richards' gr. m. *Lady Warrington*	1
Mr. Chase's br. g. *Henry Clay*	dis.
Mr. Bartine's bl. g. *Norman Leslie*	dr.

Time, 5:25.

Very like a "*do.*" Henry Clay was the favorite 2 to 1, but was nearly distanced the first heat by Lady Warrington. His rider dismounted and led his horse off the course, instead of coming to the scales, and he was accordingly declared (what a party intended he should be) distanced.

☞ To be in season for this morning's mails, we are compelled to give a synopsis only of the report we had prepared of yesterday's races, not having reached home from Trenton until 2 o'clock. We will endeavor to make amends in our next, and in conclusion remark, that the meeting went off with eclat, Mr. BAILEY and the proprietor having exerted themselves to the utmost to give satisfaction.

Molly Long vs. Missouri Belle.

TUESDAY, May 16, 1837.—*Baton Rouge, La.*—Match, —— heats, $1000 a-side.

Thos. K. Pickett's *Molly Long*	1	1
Mr. ——'s *Missouri Belle*	2	2

Query—Is this the Molly Long formerly owned by Mr. MONTMOLLIN, of South Carolina? If so, she is now 7 yrs. old, and was got by Sumpter, out of Sophy Wynn. The Baton Rouge Gazette of the 20th, remarks—

"To judge from the quantity of cash circulated on this occasion, no one would have supposed that a pressure existed in our money market. About $6,000 in all changed hands, a number of knowing ones were bit, and Miss Molly gained the race."

Maryland vs. *Pennsylvania.*—A grand Main of Cocks will be fought at Goventown, 4 miles from Baltimore, on Thursday, 20th June, at $2000 the odd, and $200 the battle. New York Rules to govern—quarter spurs.

HUNTSVILLE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

The "North Alabama Jockey Club" held its annual meeting at Huntsville, on the 17th ult., and the two following days. The weather was fine throughout, but it being a very busy season with the farmers, the races were not quite so numerously attended as usual. We compile the report annexed from a well-written communication in the "Southern Advocate."

WEDNESDAY, May 17, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies allowed 3lbs. Sub. $200 each, $50 ft. Thirteen subs. Mile heats.

Maj. N. Davis' b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles	1	1
Capt. J. Connally's b. c. by Wild Bill, out of Red Maria's dam, by Pacolet	2	2
W. H. Gee's (Dr. Erskine's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie	3	dis
J. R. Mayson's ch. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Ball's Florizel	4	dis

Time, 1:59 each heat.

"When we arrived upon the track, we could occasionally hear of a few bets upon Davis against the field, and now and then taken, but very few accepted, even at this odds. The time arrived, and at the tap of the drum the whole put off in pretty good style, Davis leading from the jump the whole way round, Connally's Wild Bill contending earnestly for every inch of the ground, the other two following in handsome style. The 2d heat was run in nearly the same manner as the 1st, Gee's and Mayson's colts being distanced."

THURSDAY, May 18.—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds that never won a race, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Nat. Terry's s. f. by Wild Bill, dam by Ball's Florizel	1	1
J. A. Reedy's (Col. Camp's) b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal	3	2
Maj. N. Davis' ch. f. by Count Badger, dam by Pocahontas	2	3
Capt. J. Connally's own brother to Little Red, being lame	pd.ft	

Time, 4:02—3:59.

"The betting was in favor of Col. Camp's filly. The track to-day was in superior order, and a fine clear day. The time arrived, and the horses were brought up to the stand. We were very sorry to notice some confusion at starting. Two unsuccessful attempts were made, but the third came off well, and the way they whistled around the course was distressing to some of the knowing ones. Terry's filly got the lead and kept it, Davis's dashing at her with all her might, and nearly locked her when about the quarter stretch, but it would not do. Camp's filly started behind and continued so throughout the whole heat, evidently holding up for the second.

"After the usual time, they were brought to the Judges' stand, and at the tap of the drum they again made off. Now was the tug of war. The backers of Camp's filly were still sanguine of her winning the race, and dropt several 50's upon the result. Terry was once more successful in taking the lead; Camp made at him, and almost hip and thigh they had it round and round, but she never was able to lock her, and Terry won the race in two heats. This was a beautiful race, and run in good time."

FRIDAY, May 19.—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 and 4 yr. olds carrying same weights as before—5, 114—6, 120—aged 124lbs., 3lbs. being allowed m.'s and g.'s. [This scale of weights was adopted at the formation of the Club last season, and agrees with the New York and New Jersey scale, save that by the latter, 6 yr. olds carry 121, and aged horses 126lbs.] Two mile heats.

N. Ragland's b. f. *Queen of Diamonds*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.	1	1
Capt. John Connally's b. c. by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper, by Timoleon, 3 yrs.	2	2
Wm. H. Gee's (Capt. Leslie's) b. c. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archie	3	dr

Time, 3:55—3:50.

"This race was quite an interesting one, the day, as the two former, being cool and clear, and the track in excellent order. About 12, or a little after, the horses were brought to the stand, and the word was given—the start was very good. Bets varied; Ragland against Connally and Connally against Ragland, and occasionally one or the other against the field. From the word go, Ragland's took the lead, Gee in close pursuit for some seconds, when Connally passed him, and continued so the whole way round the first heat.

"In the 2d heat only two started, Gee having withdrawn. Ragland again started a-head, and led his competitor the whole distance. It was intimated by some that Connally's colt was in bad order for running, although the race was made in excellent time."

In Mr. Wilson's (Secretary) programme of the meeting, he announces a Post Stakes, Two mile heats, free for all; sub. $100; to come off on Saturday. As no mention is made of it, we presume it did not fill.

MOBILE (Ala.) TROTTING CLUB.

An unknown correspondent has furnished us with a full report of the recent meeting, a synopsis of which is subjoined. [On the 27th May we gave the results of the two first days, from Express Mail "Slips," sent us by the Editor of the "Mercantile Advertiser."]

WEDNESDAY, May 17, 1837.—*Bascombe Course.*—Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all; weights, 145lbs., whether in harness or under the saddle. Three mile heats, under the Saddle.

James E. Zantz's br. g. *Onondaga Chief*	1	1
J. Williams' b. g. *Deacon*	2	dis

Time, 9:40—9:39.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all, weights as before; Three mile heats, in Harness.

James E. Zantz's b. g. *Rocket*	1	1
Richard Waters' gr. g. *Rolla*	2	2

Time, 8:42—8:43.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Purse $200, ent. $20, free for all; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

John Stout's b. m. *Lady Catherine*	1	1
Richard Waters' gr. g. *Rolla*	2	dis

Time not given; won handily.

SATURDAY, May 20.—Purse $200, ent. $20, free for all *Pacing Horses*, excepting *Bucktail* and *Invincible*; weight, 140lbs. on each; Mile heats, under the Saddle.

James E. Zantz's b. g. *Tom Johnston*	2	1	1
Jos. Kyle's ro. g. *Stick-in-the-Mud*	3	2	2
J. Williams' s. g. *Silvertail*	1	3	3
John Stout's br. h. *Jean Baptiste*	dis		
Thos Hamer's s. g. *Erie*	dis		

Time, 2:52—2:47—2:52.

Nearly all the trotting cattle named above went from New York. The pacing match on Saturday was "a cracker," it seems. The *Orleanois* backed their pet, Jean Baptiste, at odds, vs. the field. Erie broke up repeatedly, and was consequently distanced. Silvertail, a great favorite in Mobile, was hardly equal to the weight, though he performed to admiration, our correspondent writes us.

Race at Vicksburg, Miss.

A clever Sweepstakes came off at Vicksburg, on the 29th of April, a correspondent writes us. There were three subs. at $100 each, a single mile, which resulted as follows:—

Col. Osmun Claiborne's *Van Buren*, (pedigree not given)	1
F. Pinckard's *Fanny Kemble*, " " "	2
Mr. McCann's *Dutchman*, " " "	3

Time, 1:58. Track heavy.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) SPRING RACES,

Over the Association Course, commenced on Wednesday, 17th May. We annex as full a report as we can compile from data furnished by the "Observer & Reporter," and our correspondence.

WEDNESDAY, May 17, 1837.—Post Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts to carry 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Subscription $50 each, P.P. Five subs. Mile heats.

Mr. Dunn's nomination, pedigree, etc. not given	2	1	1
E. Warfield's " " " "	3	3	2
J. W. Fenwick's " " " "	1	2	3
Mr. Fitch's " " " "	4	dis	

Time, 2.06—2:01—2:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Stallion Post Stakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. $100, P.P. Three subs. Mile heats.

Charles Buford named get of Woodpecker	1	1
Alex. Breckenridge " " Trumpator	3	2
J. W. Fenwick " " Bertrand	2	3

Time, 2:01—1:56.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Stallion Post Stakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before; sub. $100 each, P.P. Six subs. Two mile heats.

Jas. K. Duke's ch. c. *Henry Bascombe*, by Bertrand, out of Lady Adams	1	1
Miles W. Dickey's b. c. *Red Head*, by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip	5	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. *Celeston*, by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena, by Sumpter	3	3
R. Burbridge's ch. f. by Plato, out of Sarah Miller	4	4
Lewis Sanders' b. c. by Bertrand, out of Lady Gray	2	dis
James Shy's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Othello	6	dr

Time, 3:59—3.56.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Citizens' Purse $500, ent. $100 each, added; free for all ages; 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 121lbs., with the usual deduction of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Three mile heats.

Capt. Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	1	1
Jas. K. Duke's b. c. *Keph*, by Hephestion, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	2	2
Jas. Shy's (H. Daniels') b. m. *Maria Louisa*, by Muckle-John, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	3	3
Wm. Buford's ch. c. *Styles*, by Dungannon, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.	4	dis

Time, 5:49—5:55.

The Lexington "Observer & Reporter" gives the annexed account of the race above. [The Post Stakes, Two mile heats, that closed with 4 subs., is not mentioned. It was to have come off on this day. Will the Editor or Secretary of the Association favor us with the pedigrees of the nominations in the Stakes run for on Wednesday and Thursday, and inform us if forfeit was paid in the Stakes, Two mile heats, Friday, and who received them?]

Last day, Citizens' Purse, $500, $100 entrance, added to the purse. Three mile heats. This race had been long looked to with anxious solicitude by the racing community, because it was anticipated that a trial of "speed and bottom" would take place between those horses which aspired to the superiority of the Turf in Kentucky. *Big John* had his friends, who were willing to go their "eternal death" on him, because of the fine exhibitions of speed and bottom he had made last Fall in a contest with *Maria Louisa*, who was likewise freely backed in consequence of the splendid series of victories she obtained during the Fall campaign at Lexington and Louisville, and her known and acknowledged game and fleetness. Big John and Maria had, in addition, twice before contended in three mile contests, in *one* of which the mare had proved the "better horse," and in the other a different termination had been the consequence—so that as between them it was conceded on all hands that this was to be the *conquering turn*. *Keph*, likewise not unknown to the racing world, although he is unable to present a series of triumphs, with which to captivate, and win the applause of such, as take care never to admire any unless in the full tide of prosperity, was likewise to be "an actor in the drama." He too, was predicted by the *wise ones* on occasions of this kind, to be a very "ugly customer" to the stoutest and fleetest. *Styles*, a four year old, entirely unknown to fame, was the fourth, and these made up the field, that was to "do or die" for the glory of the day, the result of which was to stamp the victor as Kentucky's champion,

At the appointed hour, 12 o'clock, the above named noble animals made their appearance at the post, shewing their high blood, racing forms, and invincible stoutness, ready and anxious for a contest which they *seemed to feel* was to be decisive of their future destinies and reputations. The day was beautiful, the track in fine order, and the crowd in attendance clearly evinced the deep-felt anxiety which palpitated in every bosom. The betting ran high on "Big John against the field," and was as freely taken as offered. They were all four year olds, with the exception of the beautiful little Maria, who was a five, and consequently had to carry seven pounds more weight than the others, which her friends feared would operate very seriously against her in a long run. Independent of this, many supposed that she was too high in flesh for a three mile race. Keph had the track, Styles second, Maria third, and Big John on the outside. At the tap of the drum away they went, Maria taking the lead, followed closely by Keph and Big John, Styles a little in the rear. When they had run three quarters of a mile, it was remarked by every one that "they were going on at a killing pace," and so indeed they were, for when they passed the stand the first mile, it was announced that they had run it in 1:55! Away they go at the same severe pace the second mile. Upon entering the back stretch, Maria in front, Big John and Keph made a desperate struggle for the track, but the mare was not disposed to yield it, and they thus preserved their positions round the turn, until they entered the stretch for the run home of the second mile. This was a most beautiful and rapid run, Big John first giving Keph the go by, and then collaring Maria, whom he succeeded in passing just at the stand, after having run locked for three hundred yards—making the 2d mile in 1:53, and the two miles in 3:48! The 3d mile was run in this position—Big John in front, Keph, who succeeded in passing the mare in rounding the turn for the run home, next, Maria, who, when she discovered that the heat could not be taken from Big John, had drawn off third, and Styles in the rear—making it in 2:01, and terminating the heat 5:49! This was the fastest heat ever run on the course, and considering the weight, soil, &c., one of the fastest ever run anywhere.

It was now evident that the race was not even doubtful, provided Big John possessed the bottom (and none seemed disposed to doubt it) that his friends represented. They all cooled off well, and showed that they were determined that the winner of the first heat should not win the race without another severe struggle. Maria's friends clearly foresaw that she could not win the race, unless there was something about the horses that would tell upon them in a long and severe contest. She being much the smallest of the four, having to carry seven pounds more weight than either of them, and being too high in flesh (as the result proved), were reasons incontrovertible with those skilled in such matters why she could not prove victorious, unless there was something about the horses of which they knew nothing, and were not inclined to believe, to produce a different result. At the expiration of forty minutes they were all again brought to the stand by the deep toned drum. At the tap, away they went, Big John leading, Keph next, Styles next, and Maria in the rear. In this way they ran the first mile in 2:02. The second mile Keph made a desperate struggle for the track, but was unable to obtain it, Big John preserving his position in front under a steady pull. This mile was made in 1:56. In the third and last mile, Maria made a noble effort, and run up to Big John's hip, but was unable to pass, and they came round the last mile in 1:57—making the heat in 5:55.

We are borne out in the opinion by every one who witnessed this interesting race, that it was the best race ever run over the Lexington Course, and that every horse proved himself "a horse indeed." Kentucky, we are satisfied, although she has supplied many of the Southern States for years with the best racers of that country, can at this time boast of as fine blood, as indomitable stoutness, and as unflinching game in the way of "horse flesh" as any State in the Union.

THE "TRIFLE" OF THE SOUTH WEST.

Castle Hill, Ky., May 26, 1837.

Dear P.—After all the excuses given by your special correspondent of the condition of *Linnet*, and others, we boys about here that saw *Fanny Wright* head *Dick Chinn*, and a field of troublesome ones, for a splendid pair of Silver Pitchers, in 3:51, will hardly believe that a year's soaking of all their joints in bear's oil could place any of their noses up to Fanny's girth in a four mile drag, for Fanny has seen a heap of hard times—never knew what it was to have her belly full, until after she was two years old. Her winters were passed on beech buds, and exercising up and down hills that almost leant over to keep her from freezing. Her breeder, Mr. L. Smith, a young bachelor, lives under a prodigious hill, and would sometimes put his hounds on to Fanny, to see if she had muscle and game enough to make the top of his mountains without sweating. He tells me she could always clear his dogs best going up or down his hill. On one occasion I understood she jumped over his house, and came very near hanging herself in the top of a cherry-tree. Tell Col. Bingaman if he wants to be *sartin* of winning, to pick a track full of little big mountains. Then he may banter the "fat stud" for a few flat boat loads of mint-drops, and I'll forfeit my eyesight if she don't make him blow like a bull-calf; for I tell you what, blood and hard starving until two years old, is the only thing now-a-days I would venture "corn" on. Fanny Wright's dam, Marcella, was not by Eagle as reported. She was by Sir Alfred, grandam by Lucifer, g. grandam (the dam of Col. Johnson's Sir Hal) by Imp. Saltram, &c.

Marcella was purchased at the sale of the estate of the late Horatio Turpin, by Lewis Smith, Esq., of Gallatin Co., Ky.

In 1832. She produced him ch. f. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand.
1833. Ch. c. by Dungannon.
1834. *Kitty Cade*, by Rattler.
1835. *Dilworth*, by Lance, (this is a superior colt).
1836. Sold her in foal by Sarpedon, to Geo. N. Sanders, for $500.

She produced for Mr. Sanders a ch. f. by Imp. Sarpedon. He then sold her to R. and M. Pindell, of Fayette Co., with the foal, for $900. Mr. Sanders put her to his fine young Bertrand, Little Turtle. I have understood she missed and was afterwards stinted to Bertrand.

Yours in a hurry, Roe Buck.

Sulphur Spring Course, St. Louis, Mo.

About four miles distant from St. Louis and one from the Sulphur Springs, in the midst of a beautiful and picturesque tract of country, embracing an area of near 120 arpents of ground, diversified with hill and dale, lending enchantment to the view, is located the "Sulphur Spring Race Course." To the liberality and enterprise of our townsman, Mr. T. J. Paine, the proprietor of the grounds, the citizens of St. Louis, as well as the state of Missouri, will feel themselves indebted for an opportunity of indulging in one of the most pleasing, instructive and profitable pursuits, as well as amusements, that has ever engaged the attention of mankind—*the improvement of the breed of the horse.* Although but a few months have elapsed since the formation of the Club, (numbering many highly respectable citizens of the city and country,) the Course, though far from being in a finished state, presents an appearance which cannot fail to excite the admiration of every true lover of the turf, and the breeders of the blooded horse. No pains or expense has been, or it would appear, will be, spared by the proprietors to render this track equal to any other in the United States, in point of beauty, convenience, and comfort.

In addition to the number of well built and commodious stables, sufficiently large to accommodate from fifty to sixty horses, there has been erected at great expense, and with much pains, an extensive pavillion, part of which, with a neatly furnished private room, will be appropriated exclusively to the ladies.—There is also a club room, public stand for spectators, with the necessary refreshment rooms, sufficiently large to accommodate from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons.

The stables are already thronged with about 30 horses, many of whom look as though the speed of thought were in their limbs, and in whose veins are known to flow the finest blood of blooded sires. Among the number are from

Illinois—The veteran Frost's Franklin, Nick Biddle, Clodhopper, Enterprise, Jane Tatman, and Rights of Woman.

New York—Mr. Bush's Tom Branch, Davy Branch, and Philo Bush.

Missouri—Messrs. Clay and Graham's Harrold, Charlotte Shaw, and Madogali Easton; Messrs. Randolph and Sutton's Triumvral, Kitty Cruizer, Missourian, and Franklin; Mr. McClanahan's Sir Henry, Bertrand, and a three year old by Shakspeare.

In addition to the above, a number of fine horses may be looked for from the stable of Mr. Dorsey, of Illinois, (long and advantageously known in the West as a patron of the turf, and an accomplished trainer), with many more from Palmyra and other sections of our own State. It is computed that not less than forty horses will be on the ground, for many of which, their owners, as spirited and mettlesome as their nags, claim "the speed of the wild horse's wildest sire."

The first Spring meeting will commence on Tuesday next, the 23d instant, and continue four days, when it is anticipated a new era will dawn upon the state of Missouri in the racing calendar, and *time* and *bottom* will be shown not surpassed by the justly vaunted blood of the North and South.

St. Louis, May, 16, 1837. A Turfite.

For the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

THE EVENING GUN AT WEST POINT.

AN IMPROMPTU—BY A VISITER.

How grandly peals that Evening Gun
Among the Hudson's hundred hills—
And how the echoes, one by one,
Come booming back from caves and dells!
The wreaths of smoke which burst and rise,
Go circling upward to the skies,
And, mingling with the mists of even,
O'ershadow hill, and plain, and heaven!

The Evening Gun! Its echoes wake
The strings of th' lone and weary heart;
Through the deep shadow, memories break,
And forms of loved ones round us start:
The Gun's loud roar each voice hath drown'd,
Forgotten are the scenes around—
And our heart hath left us now, to roam
With the far echoes, towards its home!

The Evening Gun! Far, far it sends
Its thunder on the evening wind—
But farther than its roar extends,
Our heart must go its home to find!—
Yet the sweet thoughts those echoes give,
Through the long night, till morn, will live,
And those we love in that far-off home,
In pleasant dreams to our side will come—
And near us will stand our heart's loved-one,
Counting the echoes of the Evening Gun!

M. of T.

ORIGINAL FOREIGN MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, BY A CORRESPONDENT.

Baron Dubois.—The celebrated Baron Dubois, who recently died in Paris, was one of the most distinguished medical men of the age. When Orfila, the author of a work on poisons, pronounced his eulogy over his grave, he expressed but the common opinion of his cotemporaries in ascribing to him the possession of rare talent, vast experience, and a heart full of benevolence.

Antoine Dubois was born in 1756, at Gramat, and after a regular course of study and practice, became a Professor of Surgery at the College of Medicine. His skill attracted the notice of Napoleon, and he intrusted him with the care of Maria Louisa, on her confinement in 1811. The circumstances attending this event so characteristic of the Emperor, are too well known to require any repetition at this time. The able accoucheur was created a Baron, and presented the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Since that period, his lectures have attracted crowds of pupils at Paris, and whether in the hospital or lecture-room, his great skill and excellent method of instruction, stamped him as one of the first rank in his art. His peculiar talents were illustrated in the possession of a sound judgment, and a strong mind, in a personal address which captivated his patients and won their confidence, in the quick discrimination of the true state of the disease, in an accuracy of diagnosis, and thorough ability to perform whatever circumstances required him to do. He was utterly opposed to all those quackeries of invention, which are intended to out-do nature, without any actual necessity for the attempt. Thus the obstetric art became simplified through his means, and he gained the blessings of his countrywomen by establishing a school of midwifery, which sent forth through France a large number of humane and skilful females, rivalling in their practice the most able surgeons of the day. This alone has made the name of Dubois revered, and it is to be regretted, that this system has not been more generally adopted.

This distinguished man first proposed the ligature of the primitive caroted for the cure of aneurism, as well as some practical improvements in the science of lithonomy.

For a time after the fall of Napoleon, he was prevented from pursuing his public avocations; but in his private practice, and in the hospital in the suburbs of St. Martin, founded and superintended by himself, he was still accompanied by the esteem of the public, and the affection of numerous scholars who thronged around him for instruction.

Many American pupils will long remember the advantage they derived from his admirable lectures. His funeral was celebrated by the Faculty and Scholars of the Medical School in Paris, and his remains rest in the burying ground of Mount Parnassus.

Governor Cass has left Paris for Marseilles, where he is to embark with his family, and proceed in a U. S. vessel up the Levant. Mr. Anderson, of this city, is now *Chargé*.

The London Court Journal speaks of a grand dinner given by Lord Lansdowne to the American Minister and lady, and to "Mr. Basil Hall, M.P." Who is this personage?

Madame Vestris has become the occupant of the house formerly tenanted by the Hon. Mrs. Norton at Storey's gate.

A set of pickpockets infest the Louvre, and seem to have discovered new methods of transferring the deposits of visitors with as much ease as did General Jackson those in the United States Bank.

The cold was more intense in England at the late Equinox, than it has before been known for half a century.

Large and valuable pearls have been taken from oysters recently found at Rochester, in England.

It is a very surprising fact, that Mr. and Mrs. Norton have become reconciled, and will live together again.

It is said that Fanny Kemble is about to appear at the private theatricals of Bridgewater House, London, of which her father is to have the management for his friend Lord Egerton.

The Lady De Lisle, who recently died at Kensington Palace, was the daughter of William IV. and Mrs. Jordan. While her corpse lay in the palace, the Duchess of Kent gave a grand dinner party, at which several of the Ministers were present.

A HUNTING MORNING IN THE DECCAN.

A hunting morning in the Deccan!—How many happy recollections are recalled by these words! But it is in vain attempting to excite sympathy with an Indian sportsman's enthusiasm. Every hunt meeting of by-gone days is to him a green spot in the gloomiest page of his Indian life, and he looks back upon the chase of the bear over the wild Deccan hills with feelings of rapture, which gush from a source known only to himself alone.

It was upon a bright morning in March that the hunt was appointed to meet at a favorite cover. A few led horses had already arrived, and their grooms were polishing their sleek skins, and cracking their joints after the most approved Mharattah fashion, under the shade of some sickly date trees, which seemed to wither beneath the hot blast that was whirling the sand into mimic clouds. Bheels, who had been watching the jungle since day-break, were seated on the rocks above in the full blaze of the scorching sun, as if they enjoyed its heat. Straggling parties of villagers in their eternal black blankets, which like the grey great coats of the Irish peasantry, are never laid aside, came dropping in to act as beaters. Police peons, armed to the teeth with sword, shield, and dagger, their turbans fastened under their chins, and their loins tightly girded, as becomes an Asiatic when he intends to be very resolute, strutted about in all the consciousness of power. There was soon a stir among the various personages. The secretary of the hunt was seen approaching. Horsekeepers brushed away with double diligence; peons bullied the humble villagers to show their zeal, while the latter huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep to show their willingness to act in a body. The Bheels, little sturdy independent savages, trotted down from the hills to make their report, and the burrha sahib[*] dismounting from his hack, seated himself on a horsecloth, and gravely listened to the intelligence brought in. He was a hog-hunter of the old school, who had seen the Deccan clubs in their glory. Those clubs, whose great annual meetings were looked upon like tournaments, to which sportsmen who had gained a name travelled from remote stations, to meet the famous riders of the Deccan, with burning hopes of rivalling these models of the day. Old tried men, confident in their own powers, longed to prove the truth of reported skill in strangers. Young hands joined the party, wild to wrest one laurel from the veterans, and try their fresh horses against the battered hunters of a thousand fields. And none among the best horsemen of that period had won more spears than the quiet-looking old gentleman, who in his character of father of the hunt now conducted its proceedings. The Patel,[*] for so he was called, from a sort of humorous respect paid him by his younger associates, was a man of at least fifty. He had outlived the companions of his youth, and was treated as a sort of patriarch by the boys, as he styled the younger members. For thirty years he had never missed a single meeting, and his age, as well as past deeds of prowess, retained for him even more deference than he used to receive when he used to lead the field. While he arranged his plans with the serious deliberation of a general opening a campaign, groups of horsemen in the hunt uniform came up, and loitered about the horses at their pickets, feeling their crests and loins to note their condition. Every thing being duly settled, the Patel mounted a powerful chesnut Arab, and raising his cap from his hoary head, pointed to the cover about half a mile distant, and proceeded in silence, followed by the field. He was soon joined by a young civilian, out for the first time, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Tell me," said the griffin, whose pink and white cheeks, and shining new saddle and bridle showed that he was a fresh importation from Europe, "who is that quiz on the flea-bitten horse, with legs like posts, and such a scar on his flank? He looks more like a rat-catcher than a gentleman. His boots remind me of a French postilion's, and those greasy leathers, oh, how they must want airing! I think my Sultan," patting the neck of a showy long-legged colt, "could run away from him and his earth-stopper's hack."

"Who is he?" answered the old man, glancing first at his own nether garments, and then looking with some contempt on his companion, "Rivers, to be sure, the best rider in the Deccan, on his famous horse Clasher, the winner of more spears than any in the field. Before you have been long in India, you will find that white cords and new tops are as little the distinguishing marks of a gentleman as a sportsman. Our ground is too dry for mud; but if at the end of a run you could show me one splash from Clasher's heels over your new toggery, you would prove, what I much doubt, that you can keep within hail of him. As to leading—pshaw! I have seen that horse take five spears from a strong field in one morning. He is a little stiff at starting from the effects of thorns, which you see have disfigured his legs; but watch him at the finish, and you will find it hard enough to follow, far less head him with your weedy bay. That man has such a way of shoving along the veriest screw that he is dangerous, even on a broken-down tattoo[†]—with Clasher under him he is not to be beaten. He will show his tail to the field as soon as he gets to difficult ground, although the old horse cannot perhaps shake off some who are out to-day till we get to the hills. Then Rivers will be in his glory, and you shall see what hand and nerve can do. Look at that dark grey horse to your right. He is like a hunter, is he not? That is Marmion—he has been a winner on the turf, and many would say it is a pity to rattle him over the stones, but Bertram thinks nothing too good for a hog-hunter, and he is right. The tall dark man on the right, he with moustaches, is our Indian Hawkseye, on his good honest old horse Time. You have heard of Blowhard's rifle-shooting, I dare say—well, that is the man; and he is as good across country as in the jungle. I wish you to remark these three, for they are artists. Better horsemen never stuck to hogskin, and three better hunters never met in the same field than the horses which carry them."

"I cannot imagine," interrupted the griffin, "where lies the great merit in riding across a country where there are no fences, of running down a great clumsy brute like a boar, or of poking a spear into him when you have reached him. This is my first day, and I shall try if a griffin, as you call me, cannot beat these mahogany heroes."

"Very well," said the Patel, "nothing like confidence; but mark me, you will find the country difficult enough before you have crossed three acres of it. You will find that a boar can beat your favorite, although I dare say you were told at the stables that he has often run down an Antelope; and mind if you are in time to see him die, that he does not show you his way of fighting versus the lance exercise. But take my advice, if you really mean to do anything, shorten your stirrups three holes at least. That seat may do very well in the park, but not over this ground. Exchange your beaver for a hunting cap, with a towel rolled round it, or you will addle any brains that may survive your first fall on these stones. Forget for a time all the graces of horsemanship, forget that your horse's legs are not of iron, forget that your head is anything but a peg to hang your hat on, jam your feet home in the stirrups, screw in your spurs, pull your horse well together, and with a lively faith in Providence, you may escape without breaking your neck. That is all I promise you for one week till you begin to understand your business."

This address was far from agreeable to the young aspirant, but he had twice seen hounds at Hertford, on the strength of which experience he answered, nothing daunted—"No, no, none of your Hindoo horsemanship for me—you Indians ride like post-boys, your feet thrust up to the instep, as if you were afraid of losing your stirrups, and who ever heard of a hunting cap in a civilized country."

"You will think otherwise before night," replied the Patel, "but I must put the beaters into line. Take up your position behind that clump of mangoes, where the others are drawn up, and in a few minutes you will find an opportunity of showing off your system—but mind that Sultan does not make a field officer of you." So saying, he cantered towards a large body of natives standing by the cover side, armed with matchlocks, swords, and clubs, among whom were a number of men from the neighboring villages, furnished with drums and trumpets to rouse the game. After a brief consultation with their leaders, the beat commenced; a detachment having been first stationed on the rising grounds to point out with small red and white flags the line taken by the hog.

The party drew up in feverish expectation, concealed behind some thick trees at a short distance from the cover, a large date grove, which extended along the banks of a ravine for two miles. At the first crash of the horns, agitation became manifest among the horses. The old ones merely pricked their ears, and turned their heads toward the sound, pawing with eagerness; but some of the raw young horses became violent, plunging from alarm, and snorting at every rustle. "Keep your horses as quiet as you can, gentlemen," said the Patel, "there are hogs afoot." Scarce had the words passed his lips, when a flag rose above the trees, and a louder peal from the beaters, proclaimed that the hog had gone away.

"Which way?" shouted the griffin, putting spurs to his horse.

"If you wish for sport, keep quiet," said the secretary. "Let him get well away, or you will head him back. The flag to your left will show his line. No hurry, there is room enough between this and the hills which I suspect to be his point. There rises a flag at the nullah, and there is the boar clearing the bank—you may see his grey bristles above the grass—you cannot head him now. Ride!" Away dashed the whole field at the word, their spear blades glancing in the sun. In front of all was the griffin sitting with the stiff seat which he had acquired at a military riding school; knee straight, heels sunk, and toes turned in. Across a level plain which separated them from a wide ravine with rocky banks he did very well. The colt went off at a racing speed, his head in the air, snapping at the check of his bit, and tossing flakes of foam in his rider's face; and at this uncontrollable pace threw himself at the jump. Shaken from his seat by the spring, and startled at the width of the ravine, the griffin snatched at the reins, checked the horse while extended in his leap, and the high-spirited colt fell short, smashing his chest against the opposite bank, and rolling back upon his luckless rider.

"I fear that is a case for the coroner," said Rivers, as he crammed his horse at the place, and got safely over; but to stop was out of the question. Time close behind took it at a wide part, and with a strong pull at his head, dropped at least seven feet, doing it in an out without a stagger. Marmion followed, clearing it in his stroke at one tremendous flying leap. Next came the portly figure of the veteran, his grey hair streaming in the breeze.

Although stretched to his utmost, the splendid Arab which he rode galloped to the very brink without slackening his speed, then turned sharp round obedient to the practised hand which guided him, slid upon his haunches down a narrow path known to the experienced sportsman, and was across before the leading man had gained many lengths. After running about two miles across broken ground intersected by numerous ravines, which gave the boar an immense advantage, the horses were closing fast upon him. Clasher and Marmion were running neck and neck. The knees of their rival masters touched, so closely were they screwed together in the struggle, and Time at their haunches all in a sheet of foam, was straining every nerve to head them. Behind came thundering on the body of the field, men and horses streaming at every pore, still hoping that a lucky turn might bring them in in time. The boar was no longer bounding over the stones, his stride was becoming shorter, he began to swerve from his line, and his faltering action showed that he was nearly done. But his cover was at hand, for the long start given him at first enabled him to reach within a few paces of the hills which skirted a deep stream, and as the spears were quivering over his back he exerted the last remnants of his strength, dashed through a brake of thorns and gained the hill. While the panting horses toiled up the steep ascent in earnest pursuit, stumbling among the loose stones, their sides splashed with drops of blood, their flanks heaving from distress, and their riders breathless and exhausted; the boar, foaming at the mouth, was sulkily trotting up the ridge not ten paces in advance. At this moment the old Patel, who had just come up, shouted to the man above him, "Stick to him till he crosses, he will make for the river if you can press him over the flat on the top, I cannot face this cursed hill, but I shall ride round to meet you on the other side, and trust me, I shall not lay into him till I have one of you at least with me to fight for the spear of honor." So saying, he galloped off. On the rugged summit of the hill the chase commenced again in earnest. The boar was forced to cross it, hard pressed, and descended the opposite side as was predicted. Here Rivers showed what he and his wonderful horse could do. Sitting well back, with a hard pull at Clasher's head, and driving in the spurs, he rattled down the rocks in his usual determined manner, and went clean away from every one. On reaching the bottom, being joined by the old leader, a desperate race ensued between them. The goring rowels were driven home at every stroke; first one head was in front, then another, the noble animals contesting every inch with the same spirit as their riders. As they reached the bank of the river, the chesnut, fresher than Clasher, whose tremendous exertions on the hill had nearly blown him, went ahead. The Patel made one long poke, confident of success, but a sharp turn bringing the boar across his adversary's line, Rivers's unerring spear sank in his bristly back, and all three plunged together into the stream. On like an avalanche crashed the remaining sportsmen, for they had not seen that the spear was won, and taking the leap without a moment's hesitation, disappeared in a cloud of spray. During a swimming chase across the stream, it was announced that Rivers had gained the spear, and then the contest for superiority ceased. The boar swam slowly across, dyeing the water with his blood. He landed, gnashing his tusks, ready to make his stand and fight to the last. At this moment the Griffin, who had recovered from his fall, and by taking a short cut had crossed the river at a ford below, spurred up his horse and met the boar as he stood shaking his dripping sides.

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[*] Anglice—the great lord—applied by natives to all Europeans in power

[*] The Hindoo title of an hereditary village chief.

[†] An Indian pony

"Go at him at speed or not at all," shouted the Patel.

His warning voice came too late. Burning to distinguish himself, and supposing that the boar was still untouched, the impetuous young man reined up his horse in front of the ferocious brute. He charged in desperation, one spring brought him under the horse, the spear was shivered against the ground, and his tusks were buried deep in Sultan's bowels. The horse reared in agony, and, plunging forward with his entrails protruding from the wound, threw his rider, and galloped madly across the plain, until he fell quivering in his last agonies. Before the boar could repeat his charge, the Patel's spear had pinned him to the earth. A stream of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and uttering one shrill cry, he staggered forward and died.

The Griffin was so much mortified by this second disaster, that he returned in a palanquin to his station that day. In half an hour the party were re-assembled round the grove. Fresh horses had been mounted, and the beaters again raised their wild yells, mingled with the din of drums and horns. Alarms were given every moment, as a hog ventured to the edge of the jungle, where he would stand listening, uncertain whether to face the open country or break back. Nearer and nearer swept the band of natives, driving all before them. Their cry swelled into a triumphant shout, flags began to rise over the date trees, a crash through the underwood followed, and a sounder of at least thirty broke cover at once. They hesitated for an instant, but a louder burst of the horns pealing behind them, they dashed away in a body.

"Gentlemen," said the Patel, as soon as the hogs were fairly gone, "we have a large field, there is not one fine boar in the sounder to select, so let us pair off, and see who gets through his work first. Bertram, I challenge you, are you ready? Off!"

Each man selected an antagonist, and before the hogs had gone half a mile, the clatter of hoofs was ringing in their ears. In three minutes more, ten pair of horsemen were urging their smoking hunters at speed over the stony plains, crossing and re-crossing each other in shortening circles. Here might be seen a pair spurring with wild recklessness to gain one more stride, out of horses so nearly matched, that it was a dead heat between them, till one determined rush, or a lucky turn decided the contest. There was an old hand riding a waiting race against an inferior opponent; the hog twisting in front like a hare hard pressed, throwing out the leading horse at every turn, and when too much blown to avoid the spear, falling an easy prey to the man behind, who waited for a favorable moment to make his push. At the conclusion of this scene of slaughter, while the men were still standing by their horses' sides, a distant flag was observed waving. Every eye was turned towards the signal, and a hog, now dwindled to a mere speck on the horizon, was seen making strong running to the hills.

"It is a boar," exclaimed Rivers, "and an old one I am sure. Here's at him; who follows me?"

Without another word, he sprang on the beautiful grey, which had already won three spears, and was off. One man only joined him, for all the others felt that their horses had done enough. That one was Blowhard, mounted on a well known white Arab, who had for many years distinguished himself more for his extraordinary bottom than his speed. Blowhard and Rivers were old rivals, and both were unusually anxious for distinction on this occasion. It was an interesting sight to watch the two alternately heading each other in the long chase which ensued before they reached their game. They gained upon him rapidly; but before spears were used, Blowhard called out in a tone of deep vexation, "Rivers, I can do no more, poor old Snowball is done; I feel him sinking fast, and I must pull up." It was too true, the noble animal was utterly unfit to continue the contest. They had gone as the crow flies about four miles, over very trying ground, and Rivers found that his high bred grey was also showing symptoms of exhaustion. He felt him laboring under him. He looked down and saw that his boots were soaked with blood, and then he almost resolved to stop. But the boar was nearly blown, and a few minutes more must secure the victory, which was almost within his grasp. Another weary mile was passed,—the pace had slackened to a canter. The boar, champing his foaming tusks, staggered along not two lengths in front, and the wearied horse, covered with sweat, and reeling from fatigue, still followed with unconquerable spirit. At this moment Rivers collected all his energies for one last effort, and

"Bending forward, drove his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
Up to the rowel head."

The blood of the Arab told. Although sinking from distress, he sprung to the spur, and closed with the boar. Rivers's heart bounded as he drove his spear deep through the ribs of the exhausted brute. But the fight was not yet done. The shaft snapped by a sudden wrench, and the furious boar stood at bay. He was too weak to charge, but pricking his ears, and rolling his fierce grey eye, he waited for the attack. Rivers dismounted, and drawing his sabre, walked coolly up to him. On rushed the boar, the blade flashed in the sun, and the stricken monster rolled in the dust at his feet.

DECCAN.

Note.—I can fancy some old hog-hunter abusing me for arming Rivers with so unsportsman-like a weapon as a sabre. But several good sportsmen carry one in case of being left defenceless by a spear breaking; and he whom I intended to sketch under the name of Rivers never mounted a horse without a heavy Mharattah sword at his side.

London (New) Sport. Mag. for April, 1837.

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.

No. 1. A brown filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. grandam by Quicksilver, (he by old Medley, out of a Wildair,) g. g. gran dam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $500.

No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Thornton's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g. grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Tayloe's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoome's imported horse Horns (he by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Gasteria (full sister to Gas, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is not tall, but is strong, and in fine running form. Price $500.

Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelipha, by old Messenger, then tracing up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Flirtilla, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.

If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.

For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.

May 1, 1837. [m6]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—JUNE, 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Sunrise and Sunset; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 5; Rose to the Dead; Von Jung, the Mystific; The Betrayed; A Legend of Charlemagne; Schiller's Wilhelm Tell; A Death Scene; The Totem; Vanderlyn.

Critical Notices.—Lockhart's Life of Scott; An Address on Temperance; The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

Monthly Commentary.—Philadelphia; Seventh Annual Report of the American Lyceum.

This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold-st.

New York, June 1, 1837. [J3]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Brosdway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual.

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Linnet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (of Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g. grandam by Craig's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (of Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Chatham—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not withdrawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever run in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1834.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5:49; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was lamed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1834.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats; 1st heat, 5:54—2d, 5:48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Angora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee), Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner (Mr. Burbridge) intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that no entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor do I ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats.

OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33--was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam--beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure [F4] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837–38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.]

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838–39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839–40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841–42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4.50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St. New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by a examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of [illegible] 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Rickard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2¼ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5¼ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Huby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Fraxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare; her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1:51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1½ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 26 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22 *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23¼. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23¼.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has proved himself a sure and good foal-getter. I consider him the best stallion introduced to the State of New York, since the importation of Messenger in 1791, he having got more runners in proportion to the number of thoroughbred mares which he has covered, than any other stallion which has come under my observation. JAMES BATHGATE.

With the foregoing full and correct documents, I now offer the services of this valuable horse to the breeders of Kentucky and Western States generally, and respectfully request them to call and view him, and solicit their patronage.

Louisville, Kentucky, February, 1837. [mh 11.] LEWIS SHERLEY.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

ANDREW.

HAVING purchased an interest in the celebrated Stallion and Race Horse, ANDREW, he will make his season this Spring at Newmarket, within one mile of Petersburg, and will be at his stand ready to serve mares by the 15th March. Terms and particulars in a few days.

Petersburg, Feb. 22, 1837. [mh4] O. P. HARE.

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark*, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season. A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan. 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. GOODE

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - -	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. -	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
MONTREAL, L. C. - -	Turf Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Sept.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY. - -	Union Course, L. I., Match, $5000 a-side, Two mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, to come off during the Second Fall meeting.
NEW ORLEANS, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. -	Camden Course, N. J.—Match. Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Cliffden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
RUSSELLVILLE, Ky. -	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - -	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va., the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40.
[F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John CROWELL'S stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala., at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course. L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, h. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. DAVIS, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for $3.*

FACTS AND FANCIES, BY "N." OF ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, Ark., May 10th, 1837.

Dear P.—

"There is music in the forest leaves,
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls,
Who braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew,
From violets of the spring,
Hath music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing."

You of the city know not how to appreciate the above beautiful lines of HALLECK. It is only in the depths of the forest that the loveliness and beauty of nature can be realized. To witness the deer bounding through the woods—spurning the very earth on which he treads, is of itself a rich treat. But to stretch one's-self on the long green grass under the thick foliage of some monarch of the forest, and view the works of God—fresh as they came from his hands, is *luxury*, beyond language to express. The cares of the world are forgotten—the strife of men—the eternal clamor of politics—the ills and troubles of life obtrude not, and fancy carries you back to the happy hours of Paradise, erst the curiosity of woman brought misery on mankind. Enough of this, for you will doubtless wonder that "N." should give himself up to such melancholy musings.

In the 9th No. of your paper I perceive a challenge to *Bumper* from *Rodolph*. This would make a pretty race. Both are fine horses, and both have earned honors on good fields. Bumper is a horse of superior finish—a perfect *Priam* model. He will require rest before he can be got in first rate condition. GARRISON should have brought out *Cippus*, and then the way he could have knocked the ticks off *Jim Polk* would be easy. Three cheers for the friends of *Miss Medley*. They are the *right* "*breed of dogs*." If she should chance to beat *Hickory John*, I rather guess my friend "*O'Kelly*" would place a higher estimate on my prophecies.

Your foreign correspondent, "B." writes with so much good sense, and imparts such a variety of useful information, touching the rearing of "good uns," that his letters are truly a feast. I sincerely hope his trip may restore him to good health.

I had much fun in Jackson County—I saw some perfect *June sweetners* there. One old fellow took me out. Thinks I, here is a *fat fee*—imagine my disappointment when he asked me to *make a pedigree* for his horse—a big, awkward, clumsy, plough brute. I told him certainly. He is McKinney, roan—Quicksilver—Double-head—Bloody-buttocks—Snapping Turtle, &c. ☞ *A little too late for the Stud Book.*

Fanny Wright has won unfading honors, yet she has left the friends of *Linnet* strong in the belief that they can and will pluck the laurel from her brow.—Time the "tomb builder" will determine.

I have just heard from "Pete,"—he was figuring at a big frolic—perfectly poetical—one never will suffice—

"Let to me Miss Nancy Dockings,
With your high heel shoes and cotting stockings."

Truly yours, N.

Oil Paintings at Auction.—A collection of choice old and modern oil paintings will be sold at the Washington Divan, 157 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, June 14th. Sale to commence at half-past seven. They will be ready for inspection on Monday, when catalogues can be obtained. Admission free.

AN EPIGRAM.

On Sabbath morn two sisters rise,
And each to chapel goes;
Fair Caroline to close her eyes,
And Jane to eye her clothes (close).

ANOTHER.

ALL Flora's friends have died, it seems, before her:—
I wish my wife had been a friend of Flora!

Not bad.—A traveller extremely inclined to obesity, had taken a seat under a shady tree, where he remained so long as to attract the notice of a passer-by, who remarked, "that he appeared charmed with the place." "Yes," he replied, "I am infatuated with it."

A STEAMBOAT RACE.

The manner in which the steamboat races, which so frequently end in the dreadful destruction of human life, are conducted on the Western waters, is given in the last Peoria Register, and was written by Mr. Samuel H. Davis, who was in one of the boats.

THE BANTER.

On Wednesday morning, the 14th April, the captain of the Franklin stepped on board of the Phillips, both boats being at Louisville, and, after the usual salutations, put his hand somewhat significantly to his neck. "What's the matter with your neck?" asked the captain of the Phillips. "I strained it," replied the other, "looking back for you the last run we made up." "Well," said Captain McClain, "if I can get enough freight for ballast, you shall strain it looking the other way to-day." Thus the challenge was given and accepted. The thing took wind, and bets of $100 to $75 were made that the Franklin would beat the Phillips one hour. The latter got no freight, and had to run under this disadvantage.

THE START.

The Franklin left port at 11 o'clock with her usual complement of freight and passengers, and proceeded off in gallant style. The Phillips left at 35 minutes past 11, just as her challenger was passing Six-Mile Island. She had no freight, but she had a good supply of pine knots, in addition to her stock of wood, which was, for the most part, dry beech, and excellent. The Franklin, being a daily passenger boat between Cincinnati and Louisville, of course contracts for and obtains the best wood on the river. The Phillips had about thirty cabin, and the same number of deck passengers: among the latter was a bugler, who, from the hurricane deck, sent forth several stirring airs as the boat shoved off and got under way. Merchants, clerks, draymen, all dropped their pursuits, and became gazers upon the scene.

OVERHAUL AT MADISON.

Though the Franklin was observed six miles ahead on our leaving, yet, from the bends in the river, and the increasing smokiness of the atmosphere, she was soon lost sight of, and not seen again until we arrived near Madison, 50 miles from Louisville. Here she had stopped ten minutes, probably to deliver the mail, and was half a mile ahead as we passed the town. Thus we had gained at least twenty minutes upon her in this distance. Till this time, very few of the passengers knew of the race. The sight of the Franklin, the swiftest boat on the Western waters—the fact that she was six miles ahead on our leaving Louisville, and that we were now within hail, produced a belief in the minds of all that we could beat her, and made us disposed to try.

PASS AT WARSAW.

The boats kept about the same distance from each other for the next thirty miles, to Warsaw, where the Franklin was compelled to touch to deliver the mail. The Phillips shot ahead, and obtained five or six lengths, when the Franklin was off again, under a high head of steam. She gained upon the Phillips "mightily." Then the contagion spread through every soul on board. "Go ahead captain—keep her in the wake—huzza for the Phillips!" was in every mouth. Nothing could exceed the spirit of the firemen and deck hands. The hatches were thrown open, pine knots covered the deck, and two or three axes kept going in splitting and breaking them; the deck passengers were huddled into the bow, to give the boat more dip; the chain-wagons were hauled from one side to the other, as she careened; volumes of lurid flame issued from the tops of the chimneys, while dense clouds of black smoke filled the atmosphere over us. It was plain that no less excitement prevailed on board the Franklin. Thus far she had been queen of the waters. Would she see herself eclipsed without making a mighty effort? The way that both boats went "was a caution."

RISING SUN.

The relative distance between the two boats was but little altered for twelve or fifteen miles from Warsaw. The Franklin would sometimes leave our wake by putting her head to the right or left, and attempting to get in a line with us.—After repeated failures she at last succeeded a few miles below Rising Sun.—This is twenty miles from Warsaw. From its high banks a fine view is had of the river below. The citizens saw the boats approaching, and lined the banks as we passed them. In passing, the two boats were "neck and neck," and we were saluted with loud and continued cheers. No response was sent back from either boat; not a sound was heard save the sonorous breathings of the scape-pipes and the whirl of the water-wheels. The right to respond belonged only to the victor, and that distinction was yet to be won.

ALARM OF THE LADIES.

A few miles above Rising Sun, the boats which till now had been abreast, and from ten to fifty feet apart, struck each other with a slight concussion. The ladies of whom there were twelve or fifteen on board the Phillips, became alarmed, and besought their husbands to interfere. While this consternation prevailed in the ladies' cabin and state rooms, a different scene was witnessed without: the two boats seemed to be lashed together, the officers of each shaking hands across the railings, and the firemen and crew looking defiance. As the passengers stepped out on the guards on either side, they were promptly ordered back, that the boats might be kept in trim, the Phillips, especially, being so light that the weight of four or five men would careen her over like a canoe.—The highest excitement prevailed. The Franklin no longer regarded the delivery of the mail, and, had Mr. Kendall's penalty been ten-fold greater, it would not have weighed a feather. The river in front of the boats, from the light of the furnaces, seemed a sheet of fire, while the sky continued overclouded with the dense volumes of smoke which poured forth from the chimneys. Sometimes the Franklin would shoot ahead. Our very breaths were held in suspense.—Then would the Phillips recover her ground, and pass her adversary an equal distance. The cheers which had been sent forth a minute before were now returned with hearty good-will, and a determination to triumph, mixed with many horrid imprecations, was belched forth by the crews of both vessels. In passing Petersburgh, the boats again struck with a more violent concussion than before; the alarm of the ladies increased, the captain of the Phillips was besought to desist, and assured that the ladies in question, from their constitutional nervousness, could not survive the excitement. Captain McClain yielded to their importunities, and, in passing the point above the town just named, bore away and left the channel to the Franklin, while a hearty cheer, followed by a gun, resounded from the latter. On board the Franklin, it is said the ladies were even more alarmed. Camphor, ammonia, and all the restoratives on board, flew round in profusion, until the cabin resembled a chemical laboratory.

ARRIVAL AT CINCINNATI.

The Phillips fell in the rear of the Franklin, as above related, twenty-five miles below Cincinnati. She maintained her distance to port, and came in three lengths astern, at ten minutes past one, having performed the run in thirteen hours and thirty-five minutes—150 miles.

Boasting.—A man boasting of his honesty, is generally a coward—of his riches, generally not wealthy—of his democracy, generally an aristocrat—of his intimacy with great men, generally despised by those who may chance to know him—of his wit, popularity and high standing, always a fool.

A short time since, a gentleman of "eminence" wishing to ride a short distance stopped a coach that was passing, "Where to sir?" asked the driver. "Oh, I am not going far." "We don't take *short 'uns*," said the coachman. "Why," replied the gentleman, "I'm six foot two, and if that a'nt long enough, I don't know what is."

The celebrated scholar Kennicott, was fond of figs; he had marked a remarkably fine one which grew in the Botannical Garden, at Oxford, for his own, by labelling it Dr. Kennicott's fig. A student watched its progress—took it—ate it—and left another label thus—a fig for Dr. Kennicott.

A SUSSEX JURY IN CROMWELL'S TIME.—In the following list of the names of a Sussex Jury in Cromwell's day, the Christian names are in italics to distinguish them from the surname:—*Accepted* Trevor, of Norsham—*Redeemed* Compton, of Battle—*Faint not* Hwiot, of Heathfield—*Make peace* Heaton, of Hare—*God-reward* Smart, of Twilhurst—*Stand fast on high* Stringer, of Crawhurst—*Earth* Adams, of Warbleton—*Called* Lawyer, of the same—*Kill sin* Pimple, of Witham—*Return* Spelman, Watting—*Be-faithful* Joiner, of Bristing—*Fly debate* Roberts, of the same—*Fight the good fight of faith* White, of Emer—*More-fruit* Fowler, of East Hadia—*Hope-for* Bending, of the same—*Graceful* Harding, of Lewis—*Weep-not* Billing, of the same—*Meek* Brewer, of Oakhum.—The brother of the famous *Praise God Barebone* had for name, "*If Christ had not died for you you had been damned Barebone.*" The people, however, at length grew tired of it, but retaining the last words, distinguished him by the appellation of *Damned Barebone*.

A gentleman being in company a short time since with a Texian settler, enquired of him how they supplied themselves with a currency?—"Oh," said he, "we manage very well; we pay in cows for large sums, and throw in the calves for change." The dabblers in the currency have knocked that quiescent and unoffending animal, the public, about from pillar to post for some time past, until, like the Texians, it is almost fain to take refuge in the *milky way*. A friend suggests that the egg currency now "in the full tide of successful experiment," throughout the New England States, would be a better substitute for specie. We fear, however, that that *yolk* would for a continuance, be found equally intolerable and oppressive.
Emigrant.

Great interest has been excited for some considerable period, on all sides of Salisbury-plain, in consequence of a challenge given by the Wiltshire gentlemen, in the neighborhood of Devizes, to run six courses (without limitation as to where the dogs came from), for twenty-five guineas a course, against six dogs, the property of members of the Cockney Club, which had been accepted by the latter. The matches were to have been run at the last Cockney Club Meeting, but the Wiltshire gents. did not come to the scratch, in consequence, as it was alleged, of some misunderstanding with regard to the time, and, therefore, their dogs were not sufficiently prepared in their training. The Cockney Club will be happy to renew the matches next season.

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

A CARD.

MESSRS. SCOTT & THORNE, proprietor of the new Cincinnati, Vicksburg, and other Western and Southern Theatres, are making arrangements for the opening of the former establishment on the first of July next.

Communications addressed to Mr. Jas. Thorne, at his residence, No. 8 Bedford-street, near Bleecker, will be punctually attended to.

Mr. Thorne may be found at the City Hotel from 12 till 1 o'clock each day during his stay in New York. [J3]

HUNTING PARK, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Sweepstakes and Purses are to come off over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia:

Tuesday, June 13th, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in Harness, free for all trotting horses, sub. $100, with $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; free for all trotting horses.

Wednesday, June 14, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, sub. $100 each, and $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free for all horses that never won a purse of that amount.

All entries to be made the day previous to the trot, at the Proprietor's house, enclosed according to reigning rules.

A great number of horses are expected from New York and other places.

[J3-2t] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Two mile heats, to come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Col. John Crowell.
Robert D. Glover.
G. Edmonson
John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

THIS universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.

April 22, 1837. [A29] W. LIVINGSTON.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Cliffden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423.

[A15] T. E.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross, through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. BEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates.

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.
☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house, lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

Small and very fine bred White Terriers.

FOR SALE, a Dog and Slut, about six months old, very small and very handsome, supposed to be the handsomest and best bred ones in the United States. See last June number of the New York Sporting Magazine. Apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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